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# HOW THE 8TH SAID IT

By BERT MUDGE  
ex-prisoner of war in Malaya

"TUCSAN muckin, now. No back-ups Plenty of leggy." That is the Eighth Divvy's way of saying: "Plenty of food, now. No need to organise second helpings. There is plenty left over."

Like its forefathers, the 2nd A.I.F. has coined many words. And the 8th's own local vocabulary was caused by peculiar circumstances, segregation from the world for 3½ years, and a too close association with monkeys.

"Tucsan" is Nip for plenty, and "muckin" is Malay for food. The spelling is phonetic. "Backup" is Australian slang, and "leggy" is English slang.

People on the homefront were familiar enough with wartime queues. So were we.

The Pommies called them "leggy" queues. From this leggy finally came to mean anything left over after the queue had been through.

The leggy was then run out as a "back-up." "Looking down the barrel" was a very happy position to be in.

If the back-up finished on 53 one day, and my back-up number was 54, I was looking down the barrel next day if there was any leggy.

Food, or lack of it, dominated prisoner-of-war life in the ranks.

Pap was the breakfast dish—rice boiled into porridge. Hash for lunch—dry rice mixed with sweet potato leaves. On good days it was dry rice mixed with "sweetback" (root part of sweet potato) or with tapioca root. In either case the roots were served as chips.

Sludge was wet hash. Rice was not a monotonous diet (not much). It just needed a little ingenuity.

A "doover" was rice in any other



guise. The Pommies called it an "effort."

Changi cooks reduced doovers to a fine art.

The majority of prisoner-of-war cooks were not trained Army cooks. They trained in a tougher school, hence their imagination.

The war was always referred to as "the blue." And now any mistake or blunder—minor or major—is a blue or a bad blue.

"Going through" or "shooting through" meant anything from desertion in action to evading a fatigue in prisoner-of-war life.

"U.S." the adaptation of U.F.S. (unfit for further service) was used originally in reference to clothing. It became applicable to anything.

Being "done over" meant anything from being killed in the blue to being bashed on a working-party.

"Koo-rah!" Most used word in Malaya. What unhappy things it recalls!

If anyone, at future convivial gatherings of ex-prisoners of war, is forgetful enough to shout "koo-rah," I fear he will be dealt with summarily.

There are some things even prisoners of war cannot joke about. "Koo-rah" is Nipponese for "Hey, you," used by the so-called Sons of Heaven to underlings.

It usually preceded a bashing on the Thailand railway nightmare.

## Guard knew Dickens

WHENEVER a Nip (or "poon," as we called them) officer passed the guard-house the Nips jumped to their feet, giving an unearthly shout in Nipponese.

From the first to the last days of our captivity some prisoner of war would always make the inevitable rejoinder: "He's headed 'em again."

At evening parades the Nips used to chant something parodied by us as: "You are the cause of all this; oi." This was repeated three times.

It was surprising the number of Nips who had a smattering of English, and some spoke it fluently. A guard at Orchard Road camp knew the works of Shakespeare and Dickens backwards.

One of the most notorious guards on the island revealed his knowledge of English in the following incident:

A boy on one of the trucks said: "I wonder if the b—— would pull up at the market?"

The truck stopped at the market. The guard walked round and said: "Not too much of the b——. Now what do you want?"

The Nips were very proud of their English. They liked to engage us in conversation, so we lost no time in benefiting by their vanity.

One of us would get the Nip talking, and everyone stopped working.

On the last working party on the island, when we were tunnelling

funkholes for our captors, the Nip in charge used an English word in the wrong sense.

One of our coves pointed this out to him.

Nip: "My accent is not good?" Prisoner of war: "Your accent is very good. Australian accent no good. You have English accent, which is very good."

Nip: "Oxford accent is accent of English gentleman."

Prisoner of war: "Yea."

Nip (reverting to normal): "But I am not a gentleman." Then he sprang up, brandished his bamboo, and jumping about like a monkey, indicated it was time for the prisoners to do a bit more for the Imperial Japanese Army.

## Outback revival

"COPPING the crow" is as old as the hills, but had a great revival in the Army.

I had to go to Malaya to learn its origin.

My authority was Barney Wood-

berry, from Wilcannia, a drover with a lifetime's experience of the outback.

When a new-chum joined the locals in the pub it was decided who should pay for the round by placing slips of paper in a hat. Ostensibly only one slip was marked "crow," but actually all were.

The game lasted as long as the new-chum felt for it. Finally he always woke up and demanded to see his neighbor's slip, which, of course, was also marked "crow."

The innocent response was: "Oh, we always call crows magpies up this way."

Probably most of our prisoner-of-war phrases will die as quickly as they were born.

A prisoner-of-war cobbler of mine, no doubt contaminated by contact with civilisation, referred the other day to the war.

Perhaps the sole survivor of the Eighth Divvy's words will be muckin. It always meant so much. "Mishie" was the Nip word for food; but it was never popular.

And now for a "yas-mee" (rest), sweetest of all Nip words.

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# ...AND A HANK OF HAIR

By  
**ALEC RACKOWE**

IF it hadn't been for this matter of rank we wouldn't have been living at the Greenway Country Club. If we hadn't been at the club I'd never have fallen for Marilyn Southgate—and if I hadn't fallen for Marilyn none of this would have happened to the Old Man.

You see, the Old Man is Davey Grahame—Lieutenant-Colonel David Grahame, U.S.A.A.F. Me—I'm Tommy Brace—captain in the same outfit, and before we got our step-up, me from lieutenant to captain, and Davey two whole steps from captain to lieutenant-colonel, we'd been Skipper and Number One, respectively, of Old Man Mose, the best Flying Fortress that ever took the air.

Davey is twenty-three. I'll be twenty-one in November. All the while we were in England with Old Man Mose piling up a grand record, and Davey taking command of the squadron on occasion, and doing us all proud, we didn't think anything of being young. The English think nothing of it, a general under thirty doesn't panic them!

Just as soon as we got back, it hit us. People looked at my double bars and Davey's silver leaves, and if they didn't grin they frowned.

We didn't mind the women looking at us because Davey is a woman-hater, and women have no part in his life. Since he's older than me, and a good model to copy, they didn't bother me either. It was the captains and majors, and such we passed who gave us the willies. The way they looked at us, as if they were thinking that our insignia and ribbons were fake.

That's why—when my Uncle Bert told us to go up to Greenway and stay there at his expense, we hopped at the offer. Uncle Bert is a bachelor and a big shot in Washington. He gave us lunch at the Ritz, and then he said, "Where you staying?"

We told him. Uncle Bert said, "Why don't you use my rooms at the Greenway Club? It's only half an hour from town, and you can come into town whenever you like."

"It's a pretty good idea," Davey said. "Thank you, sir."

"You're welcome, Colonel," Uncle Bert said. I could see him half grin as he said "Colonel." "I'll phone the secretary and you can move up when you like. It's all on me." He got up. "I'm busy this afternoon, but I won't be going back to Washington until midnight. What about dinner? I think I can get hold of some women."

Davey said, "Thank you, sir, but we're not particularly interested in women."

Uncle Bert's jaw dropped. "You're not?"

"Women," Davey said, "are a snare and a delusion. A sheer waste of time."

Uncle Bert said dazedly, "They are?" He got up and looked at me. Then he shook hands hurriedly. "Well, I've got to be moving. Don't hurry. I've taken care of the bill."

He went quickly up the stairs from the grill-room.

Davey lit another cigarette and turned his grey eyes on me. "Silly old goon. They start chasing women when they get to that age."

"Bad," I agreed. Mum had always said Uncle Bert was a skirt-chaser; but he'd evidently been lucky. He was past forty, and they hadn't caught him yet.

We got a three something or other train and half an hour later we were swooping round a drive up to the clubhouse of the Greenway Country Club.

The secretary was there to meet us. He had the steward with him. The steward was English and pretty old.



*"I am sorry," I said  
as the girl clutched  
the pile of books.*

looked up at me, and blew smoke into the still, warm air. "A bit of all right," Davey said. "No women to bother us—no blasted outsiders to look us over."

"Good old Uncle Bert," I said, and lay down on the sofa.

Davey kicked my feet aside to make room for himself at the other end. "A good man," he agreed, "except for being juvenile about women."

I just nodded. Davey had impressed his views on women on me since I'd first met him two years ago in California. He was my skipper. He'd taken us in and out of so many holes that I trusted his judgment on the most important matters in the world. There wasn't any reason I shouldn't trust him on an unimportant one like women. If Davey said they were a snare and a delusion, that was gospel to me. Davey knew.

The precious Grimshaw didn't let us be disturbed the morning after our evening in town. He brought us breakfast to our rooms.

He said: "There's a ladies' luncheon on to-day. I thought you gentlemen might not care to go down just yet."

Davey threw him an affectionate glance, and I said, "Quite right, Grimshaw. We'll take a snooze before we dress to go into town."

I remember that that was a very happy moment. The windows were open; the sound of birds in the trees, of a mower on the snicked grass. Warm sunlight; the odor of Davey's cigarette.

I reached for one, too. There weren't any.

I said: "You slug. You've pinched the last fag."

"Senior officer's privilege," Davey said contentedly. "Ring for some."

I said: "No. I'll go down. If we ring, old Grimmy will come up, and the old boy's too decrepit to climb those stairs every odd second."

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He brought us up a spot of tea when we got into Uncle Bert's rooms, which were a big sitting-room with bay windows, and a man-sized bedroom.

Davey and I got into flannels, and the steward, old Grimshaw, set the table and served us himself.

Finally he gathered up our uniforms and opened the door. "I'll try to make you gentlemen comfortable," he said. "There isn't much activity here now—so you won't be disturbed." He took the quaver out of his voice then. "Are you dining here or in town to-night, Colonel?"

"In town," Davey said, and Grimshaw bowed. "Very good, sir. I'll have your baths at six. The station waggon will be ready when you come down."

He closed the door, and Davey



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# ... And a Hank of Hair

Continued from page 3

THERE wasn't anyone at the cigarette counter when I got down, I slid round the back, pushed open the sliding door of the case and took a couple of packets. There was a chit book on the top of the glass counter, and I signed Uncle Bert's name as usual, and stuffed the packets into my pocket. Then I walked round to the stairs, and as I passed one of the columns of the foyer I literally ran bang slap into this vision of loveliness.

I said: "Oh, I am sorry," and I couldn't get my Adam's apple to bob right so's I could swallow. It wasn't the collision—it was the girl. Beautiful. For some quaint reason her arms were full of books.

I couldn't take my eyes from her. We stood there looking at one another. She blinked her long, silky lashes. "You're Captain Brace, aren't you? I'm Marilyn Southgate."

I asked: "You at this luncheon?" and Marilyn dimpled at me. "Heavens, no. Life is dull enough without such things. I've been taking away last week's library books." "Can't possibly be a live man left," I drooled, "or he'd certainly rally round to relieve the dullness."

"Only children," Marilyn said sadly. "The club's very dull. Your uncle used to brighten it a lot. He's nice . . ."

"Good old Uncle Bert," I said absently. "We're using his rooms upstairs. What about coming up for tea—we'd love to have you."

Her red mouth made an O. "I couldn't. Not just me . . ."

"Davey's there," I said eagerly. "My skipper. He's not interested in women. Good as any chaperon."

"I couldn't," Marilyn said wistfully. "Besides, I'm meeting my sister Emily."

"Bring her along," I blurted. "All right," Marilyn said. "About four?"

"Fine," I said. "Fine." She lifted her hand, whisked back the books, and went clicking away across the foyer. I did a shuffle and made the first four steps in one leap. Then I slowed, gulping. I'd forgotten all about Davey and what he'd say.

He was deep in a book when I opened the door. It was only when I cleared my throat that he looked up. "You've been long enough. What were you doing, making time?"

I threw him a package. "Met some people," I said. "Friends of Uncle Bert. I-er-asked them up to tea."

Davey sat up. "You what?"

"Well, I had to," I said weakly. "Uncle Bert, you know . . ."

"How many?" asked Davey coldly.

"Two. Name's Southgate. Fine people. Sisters."

"Women," Davey got off the couch in a leap and stood glaring down at me. "You asked them both?"

I said miserably: "I asked Marilyn and she said she was meeting her sister, so . . ."

"Just what I thought," Davey said. "You get away from my eye for just a minute, and the first rag and bone and hank of hair . . ."

"But they're friends of Uncle Bert," I protested. "Don't you see?"

Davey gave me a look of disgust. "I see I'll have to stick round and keep you from going off the deep end." He shook his head. "After all I've told you—after all I've done. He ripped the cigarette packet open savagely."

But I didn't mind. I was over the hurdle and all I could think of was Marilyn.

They showed up on the dot, and when I opened the door it was just like the first glimpse. I was bowled. I didn't even look at the girl who came in with Marilyn. She was older and dressed in some sort of bluish uniform. Then Marilyn was introducing us and I presented Davey.

Davey was glowering, and this Emily didn't seem any happier. He

said: "How do you do?" very disagreeably, and the Emily girl said: "How do you do? It is Colonel Grahame?"

"Lieutenant-Colonel Grahame," Davey frosted. He eyed her. "You belong to something?"

"A driver—we drive cars for you heroes."

"Quite," Davey said, and Emily lifted her brows and said: "You are an American colonel?"

"Yes," Davey said, and she nodded. "I just wondered. You sound slightly British."

That got Davey. He glared at her. "I hadn't realised it, Miss Southgate. We happen to have down and lived with Englishmen for the past two years; mostly in England. The English are grand people."

"Do you mean to imply I think they're not?" Emily asked, and it was a very tense moment.

Grimmy came in just in time with the tea.

It was a proper tea, and those two didn't get at it again until we'd finished. Davey asked, "Cigarette?" and Emily said, "I don't smoke." Davey lifted his black brows and asked, "You don't approve?" and she said, "Did I say that?"

Marilyn touched my arm. "Have you seen the swimming pool?" she asked, and before anyone had a chance to say anything we were on the way downstairs. I guess Davey and Emily didn't notice. They were too busy glaring at each other.

Marilyn showed me the pool and the tennis courts, and the view from the first tee behind the big bank of forsythia. She told me it was forsythia as we pushed through it. She turned to smile at me, and she stumbled.

I CAUGHT her. I started to say, "Are you hurt?" but I never got that far. Not with those red lips just under my quivering chin. I kissed her. I felt as though I'd swallowed a Verrey light and it had gone off.

I said: "I'm sorry—I—" But Marilyn lifted those long lashes and smiled at me, wistfully. "It's all right. These things happen, don't they? They just happen."

"They do," I babbled. "They do." I guess it was late when we got back, because Emily got up and said, "Hadn't we better be going home?"

And Davey towered at the bay window, very much the colonel.

The door had hardly closed before he let me have it. "I suppose you forget we have a dinner engagement with Croft and Peters? At seven. And it's past six now."

I was still glowing, so I only said: "They'll wait."

"I see," Davey grated. "And leaving me alone with an opinionated Judy is all right, too. A red-headed one at that. I hope this is the end of it."

I gulped as Grimmy came in and went past in the bathroom. "Well no, I—er—I accepted for us to dine with the Southgates—to-morrow night." I quailed before his look. "If you don't want to go I can say you're not fit—or have to go to Washington or something."

"No," Davey said bitterly. "I'll see you through it. I—someone's got to guard you, and I suppose it has to be me. Now suppose you go inside and wipe the lipstick from your silly mug, and we get started."

The Southgates' house was down a lane from the club. A maid opened the door and a woman in blue with dark red hair came to meet us; a tall man behind her. She said: "I'm Mrs. Southgate." She looked at us and blinked, and Mr. Southgate said:

"Come in, we're happy to have you."

We sat down on a big porch that overlooked the club fairway. Mr. Southgate said: "I'll take care of the cocktails." And just then Marilyn came in on a wave of perfume that wasn't needed to send me out of this world. She put her fingers into mine and widened her eyes as if only we two counted, even as she greeted Davey and he formally how-de-do'd her.

The sister didn't come until we were at the table. Then she slid into her place, still in uniform, and tackled her soup. Marilyn was sitting next to me, I held her fingers between courses and everything was a rosy mist. Davey did the talking with Mr. Southgate and Mrs. Southgate sort of just sat looking at us.

Mr. and Mrs. Southgate had an appointment they couldn't cancel. They left after coffee. Emily said: "Is there anything you would like to do, Colonel? Anywhere we can take you? Or would you like to play some bridge?"

She was being the perfect hostess, Davey started to speak, but Marilyn said: "Let's not. I want to show Tommy over the house." She dimpled at me.

I could only nod, swallowing. Davey said edgily: "I play gin rummy. Do you, Miss Southgate?"

"Very well," Emily said.

Marilyn whispered, "Come on," and we crept out of the porch.

Those two were facing each other like a couple of gamecocks.

Marilyn and I sat down on a leather couch in her father's study. Her fingers touched mine, and then I had her in my arms.

The phone took us out of that. Marilyn said: "Oh, dear." She got up. "I'd better answer, Tommy. I won't be gone a moment."

It gave me a chance for a deep breath. I lit a cigarette, and went over to the window, and I could hear Marilyn in the hall outside. She was speaking to some man, and I only felt a vast pity for the lad. She said: "Don't be like that. I'm sorry. I really am." And then, "I've got to go now."

I heard the phone click, and I reflected that there must be dozens of guys potty about a girl like Marilyn. And here I was the lucky one.

We got down to talking finally, and Marilyn said after a while: "I wish I could have a Fortress named after me. But I suppose—" Her voice died away. I said: "Why not? I'll have my own ship. I'll be skipper, and what I say will go. I'll call her the Marilyn, and have your picture right up front where I can see it every minute. If you'll give me a picture."

"Of course I will," Marilyn said. "Oh Tommy, you're so wonderful to me."

That was when the doorbell rang. Marilyn didn't stir. It kept ringing, and someone finally came down the hall. Marilyn lifted her head. "I'm not in, Emily," she whispered. Emily said something, but she went on. The door clicked. A lad said: "Is Marilyn in, Emily?" and Emily said: "I'm sorry, Dick. She—she isn't."

The voice said, "Oh," in a forlorn sort of way. The door closed and Emily came down the hall. She stood in the dimness for just a moment. Then she said: "Well, really, Marilyn—really— and pushed on. Marilyn sighed. "What can I do?" she asked pitiously. "I don't ask them to feel like that about me. I don't want them to." She let her breath go, and then she said: "Only you, Tommy. You."

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## Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

FOR THE CHILDREN

by TIM





# Rendezvous With Death

By ...

**MARGOT  
NEVILLE**

**S**TARTLING revelations about the ninth floor tenants of Beresford Court Flats come to light after GWENDA BREEN, elderly English writer and former tenant of Flat 94, is murdered on the roof garden.

Her cheque for £5 to "Digger" was altered by forgery and cashed for £50, suspicion resting on either BOB YATES or LEITH HENDERSON, servicemen occupying Flat 93, and both in love with attractive NORA RUSSELL, Miss Breen's secretary.

OWEN CURTIS, naval officer living with his wife, MARJORIE in Flat 91, is infatuated with actress ESSIE ASHWORTH, of Flat 92, and admits having supper in her flat just before the murder. Essie, however, denies this.

Marjorie, bitterly resentful of Essie, tells DETECTIVE-INSPECTOR GROGAN, in charge of the case with DETECTIVE-SERGEANT MANNING, that Essie quarrelled with Miss Breen over possession of a valuable vase, which, according to Essie's statement, MISS KRAUSZ, domestic, returned to the wrong flat.

Just before going to meet her husband, WILLIAM SCOTT, who is returning from Melbourne, Essie refuses Owen's urgent request to tell the truth about their supper together the night of the murder.

Now read column 1.

"But—what do you mean?" he said. "Look here—I mean, that hamper went back to Sandberg's."

"That's so. But the knife didn't. He identified it this morning, said it was missing when the hamper was returned after the picnic."

"Missing?"

"That's what I said."

"What rubbish!" Essie shrilled.

"Why didn't he say so at the time?"

"He knew you'd pay. You were going to find it on your monthly bill, Miss Ashworth. Now I want to know just who was at that picnic."

Nora glanced round. They looked like figures in a waxworks to her: Leith and Bob, two khaki waxworks heroes. Essie and Marjorie, expensive and expressionless. Essie's husband, pasty and crumpled-looking from a night's travelling. Pike, the caretaker, and Miss Krausz, standing near the door, unnaturally still. Miss Krausz's eyes were like black agates in a worn, wax face.

For a moment no one answered, then William looked at Essie.

"Why, I don't quite remember . . . I think—who was in the car that day, Essie?"

Essie said slowly: "My husband and me, Commander and Mrs. Curtis, Mr. Yates and Mr. Henderson, and two girls from the theatre—Miss Crane and Miss Lester."

"Miss Breen and Miss Russell? Weren't they there?"

"No, they were not. I don't think Miss Breen was even living here then. She hadn't arrived."

Pike cleared his throat and said nervously: "She was here. Oh, yes, she was here all right. She took possession of the flat as from Friday 24th. She moved in on the Saturday."

"Well, anyhow, we hadn't got to know her then . . . or Miss Russell either."

"So there was just the eight of you, eh? And you went for a run in Mr. Scott's car?"

"Yes."

"And you had this hamper with chicken and salad and stuff, and this knife to carve the chickens with, eh? Is that right?"

"Yes, I suppose so," William said. "Sandberg always puts in knives and forks and plates and things."

"When you'd had lunch—who put the things back into the hamper?"

"Oh, I don't remember. I couldn't possibly say," Essie answered. "Do you remember, Marjorie?"

"No, of course I don't. I suppose everybody did. People gather things up and throw them into the basket," Marjorie spoke coldly, irritably, as though a deep resentment burned inside her. She looked elegant and remote this morning in a severely cut house-gown.

"Then no one remembers packing up the things again?" He glanced round. Every eye met his blankly. And neither of you ladies took any responsibility to see that Sandberg got back all his stuff? You didn't check his plates and his cutlery?"

Essie's face flushed angrily. William took out a handkerchief and wiped his forehead. The room was getting warm with the sun pouring

in. It had a prisoned feeling for Nora. The voices of children playing floated down below among the boats floated up happily, free, enviable.

Grogan snapped: "All right, no one remembers. No one remembers anything, of course. Anybody else take any food to this picnic?"

"I took a cake," Marjorie said. "Miss Krausz made an Austrian nut cake and I took it for afternoon tea. And didn't you bring some fruit, Leith?"

"Yes, I got a box of stuff."

"What kind of fruit?"

"Oh, let's think . . . some apples and pears, a couple of papaws, so far as I remember."

"Did you eat it all there?"

"Don't know. No, I think we brought some of it back."

"In the box, eh?"

"It might have been."

"What'd you cut the papaw with?"

Leith looked blank. "Why, a knife out of the hamper, I suppose."

"The carving-knife, eh?"

"Maybe."

"And maybe you packed it up with the fruit you brought home?"

"No, I'm sure I didn't do that."

"How are you sure?"

"Well, because there were only a couple of apples or pears in the bag, and there couldn't have been a knife in it."

"Oh, it's a bag now, is it?"

"What?"

"A minute ago you said it might have been in the box."

"I didn't say that."

"You said you couldn't remember whether the fruit was brought back in the box or not. But now you're quite sure it wasn't when it's a question of whether you brought the knife home, too."

Leith suddenly got hot.

"Look here, it's no use your trying to tie me up. I never saw this knife. I don't know anything about it. I don't know what I said or what I didn't, and I don't give a hang, either."

Grogan's good temper was suddenly restored.

"That's right, Mr. Henderson, you don't need to worry about what you said. We got it all down." He turned to Marjorie. "Now what about this cake? Did you take any of that home with you?"

Miss Krausz spoke clearly, unexpectedly: "No; all was eaten. My nutcake is eaten quickly always. The box came back empty."

"But it came back, did it?"

"Ja. It was on the bench next morning."

"When was this hamper returned to the shop, Mr. Scott?"

"Don't know exactly. Pike took it back for us, didn't you, Pike?"

"That's right, Mr. Scott."

"I dropped it in his office," William said, "after the picnic, before we went upstairs."

"That's right," Pike said again hurriedly. "I took it back to Sandberg's first thing in the morning. By nine-thirty. Yes, I think it must have easily been back by nine-thirty."



Leith and Nora looked up startled, as Grogan's solid form appeared in the doorway.

"Well, the knife wasn't in it. And it didn't get dropped onboard, either, because there it is." The Inspector jerked a thumb at it. "Somebody brought it home. May have been kicking about in somebody's kitchen all the month. Or, of course, it may have been pinched and put away specially to do this job." His eyes fastened on Miss Krausz. "Did you see it anywhere?"

"I couldn't say."

"You couldn't say? You mean to say you wouldn't have noticed a bright new knife—a nice sharp bit of cutlery like that—?" He set it spinning on the polished table as though he were trying to sell it to her, "turning up suddenly in one of the kitchens you worked in?"

She said flatly: "No." You couldn't imagine a more negative no than Miss Krausz had learnt to say. It must have discouraged even the Gestapo.

"O.K." Grogan got up. "We'll

take everybody's prints. The boys are on the roof, Sergeant. Call 'em down."

Essie and William were just going out to lunch when Grogan and Manning entered. Essie came out of the bedroom into the sitting-room where six months ago, when she married William, she had scrapped his bachelor furnishings and let herself go with Neo-Victorian decorations—mirrors and shell ornaments, and white bearskin rugs and lustre candelabra.

She had on a little hat of corn-flowers swathed in veiling, her make-up was freshly perfect, and everything about her seemed to proclaim that she didn't mean to let any policeman think he could delay her. "Yes?" She looked at Grogan challengingly.

"I want to ask you a few questions about a vase, Miss Ashworth."

Please turn to page 36



**W**HEN William and Essie got home that morning the door of Miss Breen's flat was open and a constable signed to them to go in. On the table lay a knife, long and shiny and wickedly pointed. Grogan and Manning were sitting on either side of it, Manning with a notebook open before him.

As they entered, William sketched a nod to Marjorie and Bob and Leith. Grogan was saying: "That's the knife the deceased was killed with. Do any of you remember seeing it before?" He didn't look so mild now. The easy-going tempo was less in evidence.

Everyone looked at the knife, then shied away after the first glance. Nobody spoke.

Grogan said: "Never seen it before, eh? Well, now, we've checked up on this knife. It came from Sandberg's delicatessen shop down the road. It was in the hamper that Sandberg packed for Mr. and Mrs. Scott for a picnic they gave on Sunday, August 26."

Essie gave a gasp and caught William's arm. He looked startled, too.



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# TROUBLE AFOOT

By

Famous British  
naval writer

TACKLINE

**Y**OU had two ways of entertaining yourself at Santa Majorita. You could drink the vile local spirits, or you could visit the vaudeville show at the Alcazar. Some attempted to combine both amusements.

Five seamen off the British warship lying alongside in the harbor had tried this, but with no more than partial success. They now sat in the front row of the Alcazar's stalls and, in high good humor with the world, accorded the show their polite attention.

Now, the turns were really quite passably good until the *senorita* appeared. And the *senorita* was frankly awful. A mature lady whose weight was steady at round thirteen stone, she had a figure, as Shiner Wright observed to Taff Davies, "like a badly lashed 'ammick." Her singing voice would have been useful in a Thames fog.

As she ogled and capered and screeched, the five seamen sat up in awe and incredulous pleasure. The *senorita* attributed their emotion to admiration. She played right at them. At the end of her song she kissed a massive hand in their direction, thus reducing the seamen to a convulsed mass as each accused another of being the object of her affections.

At the end came the tit-bit, the final audacity. It was her custom, with a last, exultant kick, to feign to lose her shoe, and send it flying out into the audience, for some rapturous adorer to seize and for ever cherish. (She believed this trick to be original.)

The climax came. Swinging, lunging, and panting, she took three or four hefty but abortive kicks. "Shoot!" Bill Bailey howled encouragingly. She made a last, prodigious effort, and the shoe silted from her plump foot and dropped among the sailors.

They roared with delight. Taff Davies, who caught it, promptly slung it back again. Jim Brook stooped. With a kind of telepathic comprehension the whole five got the idea the instant he did so. Return the compliment!

The next moment, five large, black, solid boots came whizzing through the air toward the fair *senorita*.

It was a gesture. They had no intention of hitting. They didn't hit her. But the curtain swooped down, and *Senor Gomez*, the manager, short, tubby, glistening black hair, came forward and signalled to the attendants.

A minute later the five matelots were out in the street.

"Trust you, Jim Brook, to break up a 'appy party," said Lofly Dale coldly.

Mr. Brook disclaimed the distinction. One boot, he contended, would have passed unnoticed. "You 'ad to come butting in," he complained. "You couldn't let well alone."

"One good thing, anyway," came the philosophical voice of Shiner



Wright, "we're out in time for a last drink."

Next to the Alcazar was a bar shedding its inviting light and the seamen turned in for consolation.

There was lost time to be made up, and the men applied themselves to the task. Expiration of short-leave was drawing close as they came out and, with a haughty stare at the Naval Patrol lined up on the opposite pavement, set off down the road.

"Perishin' 'ard on the feet, this 'ere road," remarked Bailey presently.

"You're right, chum," agreed Dale. "This Town Council wants putting in the rattle, that's what it wants."

"The rum part about it, to my mind," mentioned Brook after prolonged thought, "is that it's 'arder on the left foot than what it is on the right."

Agreement was general. All had noticed this phenomenon. Taff Davies thought it might have something to do with having crossed the Equator. It was left to Brook to offer a remedy.

"All we got to do is to cross over to the right-'and side of the road."

They did so. There was no perceptible improvement, and they limped along with increasing gloom.

"I got it!" suddenly cried Brook.

"Know now why the road 'urts? We've all only got one boot on!"

"One boot?"

"Count for your bloomin' selves!"

There was a pause for stock-taking. Mr. Brook was adjudged correct.

"We left 'em at the theatre," remembered Bailey. "Let's go back for 'em."

They turned. The Naval Patrol

was watching them. They turned again.

"Wait a minute." The inventive Mr. Brook was thinking with concentration. "Five boots between five of us. That—that works out at two boots apiece for two of us, anyway, and one boot gash."

"Which two?" inquired Wright suspiciously.

"Well, chum," said Brook, "I thought of it."

"Match coins," said Bailey.

The coin-matching was a lengthy business, but in the end Taff Davies and Lofly Dale emerged from it entitled each to wear a complete pair of boots.

They turned up a narrow side-street and sat down on the kerb. The distribution took place. For a minute or two, Dale and Davies strove and tugged to don their winnings.

**A**T length, with a last fruitless tug, Dale gasped: "Won't—won't go on."

"I see what it is!" exclaimed Davies. "They're all right foot, man, that's what they are!"

"What!" howled Dale. "Didn't nobody chuck 'is right boot?"

Nobody had.

"Well!" said Dale, his voice trembling with self-pity. "Well! Of all the—the himprovident ways of ditching boots . . .!"

Lieutenant Hunt was standing on the upper deck by the brow. He was officer of the day, and he was doing the job thoroughly. He was not content to lounge in the ward-room with a pink gin, and wait for the petty-officer of the day to re-

Five large boots came whizzing through the air toward the fair *senorita*.

port to him that all libertymen had returned on board.

Wherefore he lurked with the duty P.O. and watched the returning men drifting back in twos and threes through the semi-dark. A few swayed and rang, arms about each other's necks, until they reached the ship. Then there would be a pause while the great effort of pulling themselves together was made.

Hunt was tolerant of such things. What he really cracked down on was ratings coming on board improperly dressed—cap flat-aback, jumper not pulled down, blue jean gaping, and so on.

"How many to come off?" he asked the quartermaster, looking at his watch.

"Five, sir."

"Thank you."

Hunt spent half a minute glancing through the log. When he turned, the errant five had come aboard, and were standing in a row close to the side, in the shadow. Hunt smiled approvingly.

"Just in time," he said pleasantly. "Take your cards and get for'ard."

"Ay, ay, sir," the five murmured in chorus. But they made no move.

"Well, go on, then! What are you waiting for?"

Lofly Dale gave a placatory grin, and the rest looked at one another. They moved forward very slowly, in line abreast. Their feet made no sound on the deck. Hunt gave an exclamation, and flashed his torch on to their feet.

"You—you've got no boots on!"

"We took 'em off, sir," said Brook. "Took them off? What on earth for?"

"We—we didn't want to wake you, sir," explained Lofly Dale idiotically.

Lieutenant Hunt grabbed a signal-pad from the quartermaster's desk and fanned himself.

"What are you holding behind your backs?" he rapped out.

"Be'ind—be'ind our backs, sir?" quavered the mystified Shiner Wright.

"Yes. Go on—show me!"

Without appreciable alacrity, five fists were brought to the fore. In each was revealed a single, right-foot boot.

Lieutenant Hunt grabbed another signal-pad for his free hand. A larger one. It was, in fact, that well-known publication, *S.1320c*, which is to be used in conjunction with the smaller, or *S.1329b*. Lieutenant Hunt used it.

"I never in all my born days . . . Where are your left boots?"

"Give away, sir," gabbled Shiner Wright. "Give away to a pore one-legged beggar selling matches with only one foot."

"Were there five poor old beggars?"

Five poor old beggars proved too imposing a lie for any of the men to attempt. They kept silent.

"I'll see them in the Regulating Office, P.O.," decided Hunt.

"Ay, ay, sir. You five, carry on to the Regulating Office."

In the office, the Duty P.O. said to Hunt: "Is it off-caps, sir?"

Please turn to page 28

**"GOOD GAD! LOOK AT PARKER?"**

**"HE BELIEVES IN DISPLAYING HIS BETTER JUDGEMENT"**

**"HE ALWAYS WEARS NILE SINGLETS!"**

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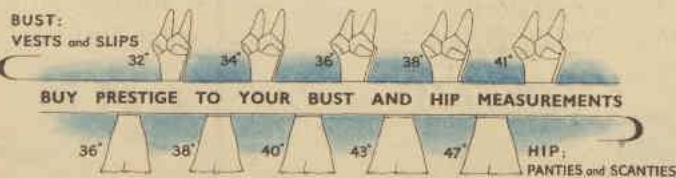
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## SOMEONE TO BELONG TO

An author's pretty secretary tries her hand at romantic tales

JAMES JASON paused in his dictating and stood looking out at the hills and grey stone of the Cotswolds. He was not, however, seeing the hills, for in his mind's eye he was watching a pioneer woman standing in the doorway of a cabin in the colony of Rhode Island. James Jason continued his dictating, describing the woman in sharp, clean-cut, but simple phrases.

After a while Mr. Jason crossed the room and stood behind his secretary, reading the words she had typed. "I think we'll leave it at that for to-day," he said.

Nancy Taylor rolled the page out of the typewriter and added it to the little pile on the desk. The author returned to the window, and when everything was in order Nancy stood looking helplessly at his back. At last she said, "Mr. Jason."

With the vague expression of one whose mind is elsewhere, Mr. Jason turned from the window and looked at the girl standing by his desk.

"Yes?"

"Do you remember the letter you received from a paratrooper named Lawrence Guysin?" Seeing no flicker of memory in her employer's eyes, Nancy hurried on: "You had a minor character named Guysin in your last book. A young sergeant in the paratroops, Lawrence Guysin, wrote to you, saying that it was the only time he'd ever seen the name, and he thought you might be able to help him find some relatives. Do you remember now?"

"Vaguely. What about it?"

"Well," stammered Nancy, "he wrote such a sweet and pathetic and poignant letter and you dictated a brisk, businesslike reply. When I was typing your letter I re-read his. It nearly broke my heart. I threw your letter away and wrote one of my own."

"Over my signature?" he demanded sternly.

"Oh, no! I signed my own name."

Her employer came back to his

desk and seated himself. "Start at the beginning," he instructed. "What was in his letter, what was in mine, and, most important, what was in yours?"

"Sergeant Guysin," Nancy explained, "wrote that he was an orphan and had, as far as he knew, no relatives. The first time he'd seen his name, except as his own name, was in your book. His letter was very appealing. He wrote," she crinkled her nose and closed her eyes, recalling exactly what he had written:

"I have just returned from taking part in the recent attack on Normandy. Although I can't explain it, for the first time in my life I am interested in finding someone that I belong to. It seems that somewhere in the world I must have a relative."

Nancy opened her eyes and looked at her employer accusingly.

"You wrote a plain, ordinary business letter in reply."

"Did I really? What did I say?"

"You said the name Guysin was a purely imaginary name which you had picked out of the air. You said you thought it was a very interesting coincidence and you were sorry that you could be of no help in locating someone to whom he might be related."

"What did you want me to do? Invent a family for him?"

Nancy looked confused.

"I'm afraid that's exactly what I did," she admitted. "That's why I had to come to you. I don't know what to do next."

"You had better tell me what you have done to date," suggested Mr. Jason.

Nancy pushed herself a little more firmly against her chair.

"I kept visualising that boy waiting for the post," she said, "hoping to learn he had a relative—one who would care what happened to him the next time he had to go into action. I couldn't endure the thought of the disappointment he'd

feel when your letter came. So I wrote him that you had referred his letter to me because my middle name was Guysin, and I had suggested your using it for one of your characters. I told him to tell me all he knew about his father, because my mother had had a brother who was separated from the family. I said I thought that brother might be his father."

Sergeant Guysin had known so little of his parents that it had been a simple matter for Nancy to substitute her fictitious uncle for the young man's father. For some time they had corresponded, and when Sergeant Guysin had been transferred back to England he had sent her a snapshot of himself.

"Do you know what he looks like?" she demanded. "Like the son of the settler in your new book! When you were working on his description, don't you remember that I suggested a tall man who was broad, but still lean? A man with thick black hair, close-cropped, and heavy black brows? Laurie's face is oblong in outline, with a broad, square forehead and a good square jaw. You know the type I mean, Mr.

happy coincidence that I used your mother's name in my book?"

"That's all you have to do. But what am I to do?" Nancy spread out two small hands in a gesture of appeal. "You see, Laurie has fallen in love with the Cotswolds. He wants to come here after the war and buy a house and settle down. He says the Cotswolds have something—an air, an atmosphere—something that makes him feel that coming here would be like coming home."

"Perhaps it isn't anything as intangible as atmosphere," suggested Mr. Jason. "Perhaps he has fallen in love with you."

Nancy looked, if possible, even more disconsolate.

"Don't you understand, Mr. Jason?" Her voice carried a half-sob. "He thinks I'm his cousin, and I don't dare tell him I'm not! You can't imagine how important it is to him, having a blood relation. He makes me repeat all the little things I can remember hearing mother tell of her childhood. Mother did have two brothers, and I tell him the things they did when they were young and I attribute them all to his father. He says I've made his father live for him."

She leaned toward him eagerly, her eyes pleading for understanding. "I've given him from a family. I can't take it away from him."

"I understand, Nancy. Of course you can't take it away," James Jason tapped some tobacco into the bowl of his pipe, his expression reflective. "Perhaps," he suggested, "you can play this cousin game until the war is over. When he doesn't have to face any more fighting you might risk telling him the truth."

Nancy's face flushed softly. "I'm afraid to wait," she admitted in a low voice. "As you know, I have no family and live with the Peters. Naturally, he sees a lot of Janet."

"That, of course," admitted Mr. Jason, after a long draw on his pipe, "alters the whole picture. Suppose you give me a very brief sketch of what has been going on. I know Janet, and I can fill in the details."

"I want that house," Laurie said, gazing at Jason's little home.

Ever since Laurie's picture had arrived, Nancy said Janet had had a certain gleam in her eye which meant that Nancy was about to be relieved of her man. It had happened before, but until now it had never mattered.

Mr. and Mrs. Peters had insisted that Laurie be their guest, and there was no plausible reason for refusing. "If Janet only worked ordinary hours," Nancy wailed, "it wouldn't be so bad. But she has him from nine to two every day before she goes on the late shift. When I want to take him somewhere interesting, Janet has already taken him. When I meet some friends and introduce him, Janet has already introduced him." She swallowed hard.

"He said he wanted to come back here after the war, so Janet's father took him to the Agricultural Committee meeting. He said he liked kippers, and Janet's mother haunted the fishmongers' and we had kippers for breakfast on Sunday. Don't you see?" Nancy concluded desperately. "I'm only his cousin, and an orphan at that."

"Mr. and Mrs. Peters both believe that Laurie is your cousin?"

"Oh, yes," said Nancy hopelessly. "Everyone thinks he is my cousin, except Janet, and she knows the truth. That's one secret she'll never tell."

It was the cottage, Nancy explained, which had clinched Laurie's decision to return to the Cotswolds after the war. "Your cottage," she told the author, "the one you own in Turnbull Lane."

Nancy had first seen that cottage when she started work for Mr. Jason, and since then it had been the centre of her daydreams. She had told Laurie yesterday afternoon that she would take him out to see her precious cottage, but when he came for her at Mr. Jason's, Janet was with him.

"I hear we're going to look at that love of a place in Turnbull Lane," Janet had said, so the three of them had gone.

Please turn to page 10

By ELEANORE SELLARS

Jason, a big man with strong features—plenty of nose and plenty of chin and—and—

"Plenty of man," suggested Mr. Jason dryly.

"Well, yes," agreed Nancy uncertainly. "What I mean is that he's really handsomer than his picture. Not handsome so much as—as—"

"Magnificent?" Mr. Jason was beginning to enjoy himself. "But tell me, Nancy, how do you know this Sergeant Guysin is so much more wonderful than his picture?"

Nancy's expression as she answered was a nice blend of elation and despair. "He's here on leave. And he has insisted on coming here to meet you this afternoon. I had to tell you about the whole thing so you wouldn't betray me unknowingly."

"I see. Then all I have to do is to be pleasant and say wasn't it a



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Laurie stood

leaning against the picket fence,  
his eyes taking in every detail—the  
walls, the casement windows across  
the front, the lovely weathered old  
door, the upstairs window set high  
up under the roof. He looked at  
the garden with its crooked path  
and its bushes and its old well, and  
then he looked out over the hills.  
He said just four words. He said,  
"I want that house."

"Mr. Jason owns it," Nancy told  
him. "It's rented to an artist now,  
but as soon as the war is over he's  
going to build his own house, and  
then Mr. Jason is going to sell this  
one."

"I've been wanting to meet you  
Mr. Jason," said Laurie. "After all,  
we owe him a lot. He's actually the  
one who introduced us."

Janet said, "You don't need to talk  
to him about the house. Daddy will  
get all the dope on it for you."

"She told him," Nancy said for-  
lornly to Mr. Jason next day, "about  
the panelling in the living-room,  
the way you go down two steps into  
the dining-room, and the big open  
fireplace in the kitchen. Finally  
she was talking about how it should  
be furnished, and that, of course, led  
to the subject of how many fine  
antiques her family will give her  
when she gets married."

"Rather obvious, wasn't it?" in-  
quired Mr. Jason.

"You never can tell what appears  
obvious to a man," replied Nancy  
resignedly.

There was a discreet knock at the  
door, and in answer to Mr. Jason's  
"Come in," his housekeeper entered.  
"A young gentleman to see you,  
sir. He says he's a friend of Miss  
Tyler's."

"You can show him in," The  
author turned to Nancy as the door

## Someone To Belong To

Continued from page 9

closed. "Do you, by any chance,  
want me to tell him that you're not  
cousins?"

"Nancy looked at him in horror.  
"Oh, no!" she cried. "I couldn't  
take that away from him."

"Even at the risk of losing him?"  
said Mr. Jason.

Nancy had just time to shake her  
head, her eyes bright with the  
threat of tears, when the door opened  
and Sergeant Lawrence Guyton  
entered the room. Mr. Jason rose  
and held out his hand to the visitor.

"Nancy has been telling me about  
you," said Mr. Jason cordially. He  
looked across at Nancy. "If you  
want to get those letters ready for  
my signature while Mr. Guyton and  
I are talking, you can do them now."

When Nancy had gone into her  
own little study, ostensibly to type  
some letters which didn't exist, Mr.  
Jason gestured toward a chair, and  
then lost no time in coming down to  
cases. "I hear you found a cousin  
through one of my books," he said.  
"Rather an amazing coincidence."

"Amazing," Sergeant Guyton  
agreed. He stretched out long legs  
and rested his black head against  
the back of the wing chair. "I had  
to talk to you," he said, "because I'm  
in something of a jam. You see,  
sir, Nancy wrote me that her  
mother's name was Guyton. She did  
it in answer to a letter I wrote you.  
You probably read that letter. I'd  
just got a packet in Normandy, and  
I read your book in the hospital.  
Then I wrote to you about the  
name. I can see now that my letter  
sounded pretty lonely. I was, very.  
I suppose I let that get into my  
letter."

"When I received Nancy's letter  
saying we were probably cousins, I  
was—well, sir, I can't tell you what  
it meant to me. I never guessed  
until I got up here and had a chance  
to really talk to her."

"Guess what?"  
Sergeant Guyton smiled at him, a  
nice between-us-men smile. "You  
know she's not my cousin," he said.  
"She's done a grand job of ad-  
libbing about my father's boyhood,  
but she gets her dates mixed. She's  
had him alighting out of haylofts,  
breaking his ankle, two years be-  
fore he was born. Laurie's grin  
deepened. "She looks adorable when  
she's making all this up. And  
awfully sweet, too." His face was  
suddenly serious. "I don't know  
what to do about it," he confessed.  
"I'm afraid it'll break her heart to  
find out I know she deceived me."

"Oh, I don't know," said Mr.  
Jason thoughtfully.

Sergeant Guyton leaned forward,  
his face alight with eagerness. "You  
have a cottage," he said, "that I  
understand you're going to sell after  
the war. I'd like to buy that cot-  
tage now with whatever arrange-  
ments you consider would be fair  
to your tenants. I can pay you cash  
for it and I'd like to get the whole  
thing settled before I rejoin my  
outfit. You see, if anything should  
happen to me—not that anything  
will, but just in case—I want Nancy  
to have the cottage."

"Nancy?"

"Yes, of course, Nancy. Who  
else?"

"Well, I don't know," said Mr.  
Jason. "Rumors get round in small  
villages. I have been hearing that  
a young paratroop man has been  
courting Janet Peters."

Laurie shrugged. "She's Nancy's  
closest friend and the daughter of  
my hosts. What could I do?"

"I wanted to be sure," said Mr.  
Jason pleasantly, "that if you did  
come back you weren't planning to  
furnish that cottage with Janet's  
antiques."

"Oh," said Sergeant Guyton, "there  
are plenty of antiques in Gloucester-  
shire that don't belong to Janet.  
But first I have to think of a way  
to wean Nancy out of this cousin  
mood."

Mr. Jason waved an imperative  
hand toward the door: "Go get her,"  
he said.

By the time Laurie and Nancy  
had arrived at Mr. Jason's desk that  
gentleman had extracted a large flat  
book from the lowest shelf of the  
bookcase and was opening it on his  
desk. "I'm going to show you two  
children something," he said, "and

after I've done it, you can be as  
indignant as you want to be and  
I'm not going to blame you."

He flipped a few pages and then  
stopped at one covered with the  
stylized design of a tree which, in  
place of fruit, bore little square  
boxes.

"This is the Jason family tree," Mr.  
Jason explained. "As for the name  
Guyton, I didn't get it from Nancy's  
mother and I didn't get it out of the  
air. One of my ancestors—this one  
here," he put his finger over one of  
the little boxes, "married a girl  
named Prudence Guyton. I don't  
know anything about the Guyton  
family. Perhaps she had brothers,  
and perhaps Mr. Guyton here is  
descended from one of them. If so,  
he's a distant cousin of mine. When  
I received that letter from a stranger,  
I confess I slipped up a little on the  
humanitarian side. I didn't know  
anything about the Guyton family,  
and I didn't like taking someone  
into my family sight unseen. You can  
call it heartlessness or snobbishness  
or anything you like. But that's the  
way it happened."

"If I'd met Mr. Guyton in person,"  
he smiled across the desk at the  
startled young couple, "I'd have been  
only too glad to claim a relationship.  
And I'm delighted to do it now." He  
came round the corner of the desk  
and put a hand on the arm of each,  
turning them toward the doorway.  
"You two have a lot of explaining to  
do," he said, "and I have a lot of  
work to do. Suppose you have dinner  
with me to-morrow night and we'll  
celebrate."

By the time they reached the hall,  
Laurie had recovered his voice.  
"Thank you, sir," he said. "I do  
appreciate your doing this. It was  
natural for you not to have wanted  
to bother about a stranger, and it's  
grand of you to explain it all now."  
He put an arm round Nancy. "You  
didn't say you wouldn't sell me the  
cottage," he reminded his host.

"Oh, I'll sell you the cottage. In  
fact, I'll sell it to you furnished. It's  
chockful of stuff that belonged to  
my family. For all I know, there  
may be a piece or two that Prudence  
Guyton brought with her dowry. Too  
bad it's occupied now," he added.  
"You could use it for your honey-  
moon."

Nancy gave a frightened little gasp  
and looked up at Laurie beseech-  
ingly. "I—I—" she stammered.

He put a finger over her lips.  
"Hush," he commanded. Then,  
because he needed both arms for the  
job, he took his finger away and  
covered her lips with his own.

Mr. Jason turned and closed the  
door.

Safely alone in his room, he  
went over to the flat volume on his  
desk. He hunted for the little  
square where he had once written  
"James Jason m. Prudence Guyton."  
With great care he wrote "s-i-n"  
after the "Guyton" and blotted it.  
"There!" he said with satisfaction.  
"Sin has at last caught up with  
Prudence." (Copyright)

# NO HAIR



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YOUR LEGS  
WHEN  
YOU USE  
NEW  
VEET

Perfect grooming is impossible  
when ugly, useless hair spoils the  
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legs and arms. The way to  
remove it—the painless, safe,  
thorough way—is to use new  
Veet Powder. Simply mix with  
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2/9 per carton of two packets.

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Owing to war con-  
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Keep the neck of the  
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make the polish last  
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## CUTEX LIQUID POLISH

- EASIEST TO USE
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- MOST FASHIONABLE SHADES
- MOST ECONOMICAL
- WILL NOT CHIP OR PEEL





Sketches  
by  
Rene

## MARY HORDERN'S PAGE...

**H**ERE are some little bits of fun and fashion for the beach. Each is a workmanlike job, giving plenty of freedom and good style as well, and, of course, you'll notice that each is designed for a special figure-type. The brown brassiere with white swimming shorts and saddle-stitched coat is yours—if you need a well-supported bustline. If you don't like two-piece suits, the checked lime-green outfit is becoming and yet grand to swim in. Attractive matching frock, good for the slim, excellent for the heavier

figure. The neat, youthful little blue suit has a single brassiere strap, and pocket on the shorts. Don't you like the gay striped red-and-white outfit? Definitely for the young, it's charming in any check, printed or striped cotton. The white broderie anglaise adds the last enchantingly feminine touch. For the lime and darker green suits, you really must have a good figure. The one-piece is beautifully moulded in milanese, and the darker green features those new shorts which give such a lovely line.—MARY HORDERN.



# FROM JUNGLE-GREEN TO TWEEDS...



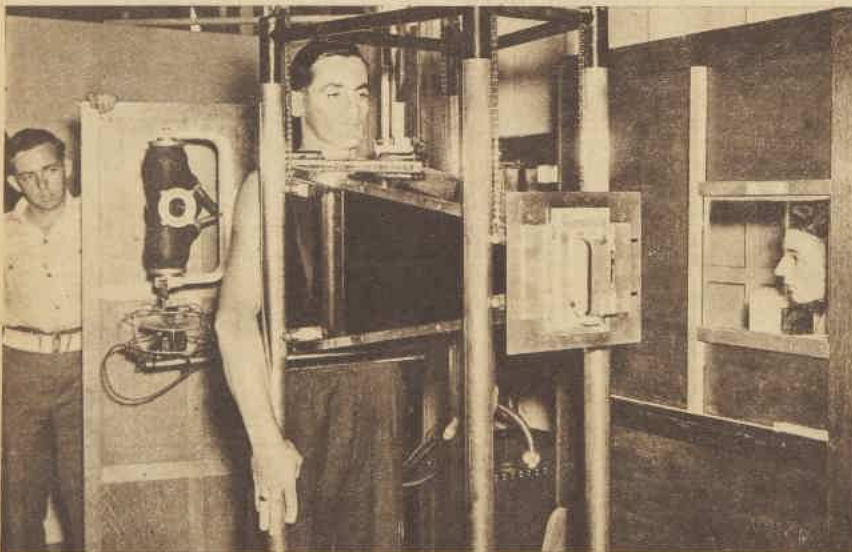
**DISCHARGE.** Ten days down from Wewak, Private Peter Cook, of Cowles Road, Mosman, N.S.W., arrives at Discharge Depot, Sydney Showground. Peter, 23, is 6th Div. five-year veteran, served in Middle East, New Guinea.



**LUNCH-HOUR SNOOZE.** Awaiting call. Army discharges now total 3000 a week. They are effected under five-year service plan or points system governing service, age, and responsibilities of serviceman.



**LEAVE ASSESSMENT.** He is given 91 days with 28 days' free travel on bus, train, or tram anywhere in Australia. Another form entitles him to £11 worth of civilian clothing.



**X-RAY.** All X-rays are carried out at Leave and Transit Depot, Marrickville. After being X-rayed—first stage of discharge—dischargee is given civilian clothing coupons and sent on a short "living-out" leave, before he reports to Showground.



**FINAL STEP** for Peter is chat with rehabilitation officer, who shakes his hand and wishes him luck in civilian life. Peter has visited 16 departments, handled about 60 forms.





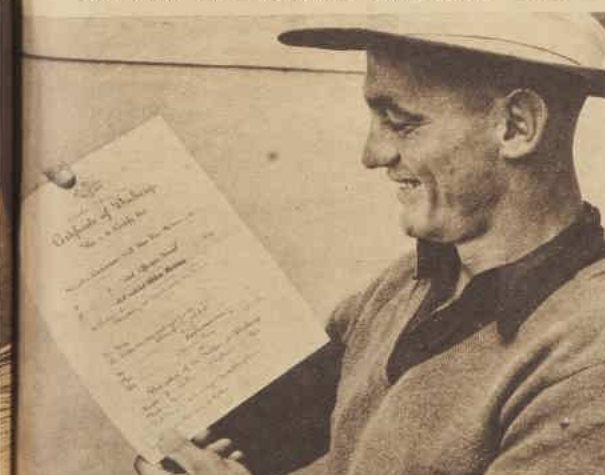
**REPORT BACK SECTION**, which co-ordinates flow of men through departments, prevents bottlenecks. Discharge can take up whole day, or, if dischargee's papers in order, about two hours.



**DEKITTING DEPOT.** Peter hands in gun, webbing, blanket, other non-personal gear, recorded on Form AB83 (one of numerous forms handled during discharge), also on the all-important AB87 — his discharge book.



**DENTAL EXAMINATION** is important part of dischargee's medical check-up at Showground. From here Peter will interview a rehabilitation officer.



**DISCHARGE CERTIFICATE** is proudly examined. He has £20 in his pocket—an advance on £207 deferred pay. War gratuity of £155 maturing in five years.



**MR. PETER COOK** in his first civvy tweeds for five years, off to Melbourne for holiday. An aptitude test qualified Peter for any skilled trade. He has chosen plumbing, and will train under Army Rehabilitation. —Photographs by staff photographer JACK HICKSON.



Out of uniform

and into  
a Jantzen

*They want to look smart and bright about it, too.*

*They want a swim suit that can take the pace.*

*So they want a Jantzen.*

*They want just about all the Jantzens we can produce.*

*So if you could wait until next season for yours,*

*so that this season they can get theirs, we promise  
that we will make it up to you with styles and  
fabrics that will out-Jantzen even the loveliest  
Jantzen suits or the raciest Jantzen trunks  
that have ever been before.*

Jantzen



# WORTH Reporting

**THE** two kindest policemen we've seen for a long time went into action the other day in Melbourne.

A 5 p.m. "going-home-from-work" crowd were gathered round two tired but obviously very happy soldiers and a sailor who were unconcernedly seated on the Melbourne G.P.O. steps surrounded by eight or nine pots of beer and a plate of sandwiches.

The policemen edged their way in and spoke a few words to the three men.

After the lively conversation they ordered the crowd to disperse and left the men to enjoy their beer.

The men were P.O.W.s just back from Malaya.

"It's the least we could do for Eighth Divvy boys," one policeman explained.

"They're too tired to be jostled about in bars."

## PROGRESS

Archaeologists in Iraq say that 8000-year-old skeletons found there suggest there was little difference in the mentality of men then and now.

**D**REARILY, drearily, Out of the ground, Scientists gather Evidence sound That civilisations ages ago Knew all the answers, but perished, and so—

Merrily, merrily We of to-day Make atom bombs To sweep us away. So the game goes on for ever and ever, Eight thousand years hence they'll know we were clever. —DOROTHY DRAIN.

## When she was very young

**W**HEN the Baroness Davina de Knayth, daughter of Viscountess Clive, was recently in Adelaide as the guest of Sir Willoughby and Lady Norrie, at Government House, she was taken to a ballet performance at the "Hut" at the Adelaide University. One of the dancers asked her if she had ever learned dancing.

"Oh, yes," she replied, "when I was in England. But it was a very long time ago. I was only four then, and, you see, I'm seven now."

## Smoke-floats for Dickens

**O**NE of the most modern inventions in the Royal Navy has been used to provide authentic atmosphere for the film of Dickens' famous novel, "Great Expectations," being made in England. A most dramatic mist effect for the scenes on the marshes was created by smoke-floats which were lent by the Naval Dockyard at Chatham.

These floats were built to make smoke-screens during naval action. It only takes the detonation of one float to provide a heavy land mist covering several miles.

## He didn't know

**B**B.C. BROADCASTER Peter Haddon, who has recently returned to London from the Middle East, where, for the last five years, he has arranged the B.B.C. message programme, "Calro Calling," tells this amusing story about the sessions.

One soldier came to him and said could he send a message home.

Haddon explained that the waiting list ran into thousands, and asked what special claims this soldier had.

"Well," he said, "I've just had a letter from the wife, and she says, 'the funeral was lovely,' but I'm blowed if I know who is dead."

**R**EALIE! We like the definitely pukka young English Army officer on leave in Sydney who was overheard to say to his pretty feminine companion at dinner that he was a member of the Army and Navy Club in Pall Mall.

"I like the club," he said, "you simply never see any soldiers there."

## Decoration figures

**M**EN of the Australian fighting services won 11,034 decorations and awards in the war.

The Army topped the list with 6007 decorations, the Air Force 4161, and the Navy 866.

Of the 19 Victoria Crosses won by Australians, 16 have gone to soldiers and three to airmen. Members of the Royal Australian Navy have been awarded three George Crosses.

Eight of the Australian Victoria Crosses were for heroism in the European and Mediterranean areas.

Eleven were won in operations against the Japanese in the South-west Pacific—one in Malaya, seven in New Guinea, one in Bougainville, and two in Borneo.

## Careless callers

**T**HE P.M.G. Accounts Department, Melbourne, averages about a dozen claims a week from absent-minded and careless public phone patrons for the return of 2/- pieces dropped in slots instead of pennies.

And they get their money back if they supply good clues to time and place of call, provided a 2/- has been found when the slot was cleared.

Some States only return 1/11, a penny being deducted for the part the 2/- piece played in the caller getting through to his number.

But the Victorian department takes the view that two-shilling pieces are usually too small to affect the telephone's mechanism. Therefore they are refunded intact.

## Animal Antics



"I thought you said that stuff was milk!"

## Do you see Little Philip?

No—I see a promising young Barrister . . .



HE IS VERY ABLE . . . AND HAS A FINE PERSONALITY . . . PEOPLE WARM TO HIS FRIENDLY SMILE . . . A SMILE THAT OWES MUCH TO LIFE-LONG USE OF IPANA.

Even in childhood, Philip is learning that a warm, friendly smile is the window of a good personality . . . that bright, sparkling teeth indicate a mind alert to the future . . . to the value of adequate dental care and the regular use of Ipana. During schooldays, his childhood habit of teeth-care brings added zest for study. Statistics show that for every five persons only one gets sufficient dental care . . . thus Philip will be spared the teeth-troubles that affect so many people.

. . . And, in the practice of his profession, he will, as a young, ambitious man, appreciate the priceless asset of good, strong, white teeth. Philip's smile will reflect confidence in his own ability . . . the inner satisfaction which comes with teeth kept healthy, bright and sparkling with Ipana.

You, too, can have white, sparkling teeth. Start the habit to-day. Get a tube of Ipana.

According to a National Survey, three out of four dentists personally use Ipana. Let their choice be your guide.

**Ipana**  
TOOTH PASTE



SOLD ONLY BY CHEMISTS

## THE LITTLE SCOUTS



## No smoking

**S**IGNS of the times on a tobacco kiosk:

1941—"Sorry, no smokes."

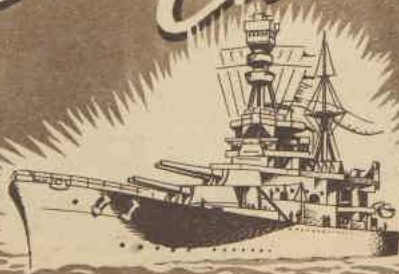
1942—"No smokes."

1943-44—No sign at all.

Inference was that only halfwits would suppose there were any.

Last week the kiosk had a sign out again. But things are looking up. It read once more, "SORRY, no smokes."

**British Chief**



THE SMART COTTON FABRIC THAT SERVES WITH THE COLOURS

Permanently Yours  
Eugène

## De Witt's Pills

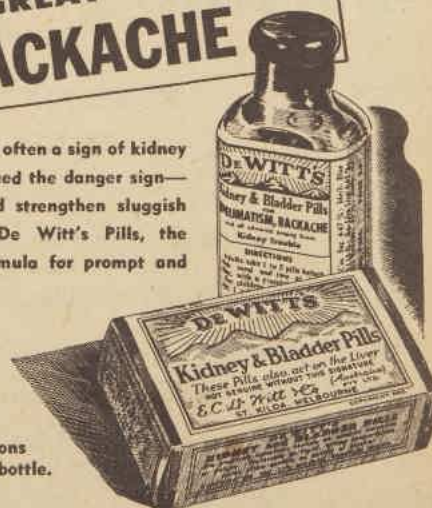
A GREAT HELP FOR  
BACKACHE

Backache is often a sign of kidney trouble—heed the danger sign—cleanse and strengthen sluggish kidneys. De Witt's Pills, the trusted formula for prompt and sure relief.

Full directions with each bottle.

**DeWitt's KIDNEY AND BLADDER PILLS**

Of Chemists and Storekeepers everywhere; prices 1/9, 3/6, 5/9





*Back again*



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*and years of happiness*

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● Original and distinctive styling combined with vacuum pressed veneers, hand polished to piano finish, give S.T.C. radio an attractive appearance.

● A large, easily read tuning dial; automatic volume control; tone control and high-gain aerial circuit are features of S.T.C. radion.

**S.T.C. Radio—For Tone it stands alone**



# THEY WON'T BE HOME FOR CHRISTMAS . . .



ACCOMMODATION on "D" deck in the Orion, normally first-class cabin space for 70 people, now a mess for 440 men and sleeping accommodation for 340. Hammocks are slung from hooks in ceiling.

## R.A.A.F. men who walked off ship send messages to their people

Radioed by MARY ST. CLAIRE of our London office

Hundreds of Australian families who were preparing a very special Christmas for airmen returning from England will be disappointed.

Their sons, husbands and sweet-hearts have been delayed in England, after walking off the Orion because they felt the conditions on the long voyage home would be unendurable. Hundreds more were also marooned in England when the ship returned to port with engine trouble.

ARRANGEMENTS were made for some of the men to travel in the Athlone Castle, which may arrive here just in time for Christmas, but many others will not be home till the New Year.

The Athlone Castle will have three-tiered bunks as her main accommodation, instead of hammocks, which were the main cause of the Orion "walk-off." The men will not have to sleep over their mess-tables.

Awaiting their fate, men who walked off cooled their heels in a holding unit at Gamston, Nottingham, muttered that if accommodation on their next boat were as crowded as it was on the Orion they would walk off that, too.

### London leave

TWO thousand of their comrades, who were turned back when the Orion broke down, again thronged London's streets, while on leave.

Beaming girl helpers at Australia House's Boomerang Club once more had their hands full.

The three hundred and fifty Australian and New Zealand airmen who had walked off the ship spent a cold night on the wharves at Southampton, then after assembling at a holding camp at Brighton were transferred to a camp in Nottingham, where they were virtually "confined to barracks" until another ship is available.

"We don't want our people at home to think we are not anxious to return," they all assured me when I visited the men who had walked off the ship.

F.O. Dave Smith, of Sans Souci, N.S.W., is married and his wife is expecting him to be home for Christmas.

"But I'm sure my wife will understand how we feel about this," he said, "and our long separation won't



be extended any more than can be helped."

W/O. Bill Brown has a wife and a son, aged three, waiting for him in Victoria Park, W.A., but he said, "I felt I had to stand by the rest of the boys when we decided to walk off. My longing to be home for Christmas had to take second place."

The delay in getting back is just as hard for W/O. Bob Penphrass, of Cairns, who is married to a Canadian girl, and must return to Australia before he can make arrangements for his wife to leave Quebec to join him.

"I am just as anxious to get home for Christmas as any of the boys," he said, "But having seen the way we were to travel out I decided with them to walk off the ship."

"Sailing day was one day I have looked forward to for a long time and should have been one of the happiest."

"It was, till we saw the Orion, and that changed everything," he said. For F/Lieut. John Williams, of Terowie, S.A., his decision to walk off was a particularly difficult one to make, for his mother is seriously ill and he was counting the days till he could get home to her.

"The delay is very hard, for with Mother ill I'm worrying about her all the time," he said, "but I felt some protest had to be made, and I couldn't back down on my decision."

Many of the men are married to English girls, and though it might



ROLL-CALL for the men who walked off the ship, in a Brighton street before they boarded a train for a holding unit. Warrant-Officers and N.C.O.s from N.S.W. are in the group.

—These photographs were taken by The Australian Women's Weekly London photographer.

CARTOON drawn on a blackboard at the holding unit, by an artist among the men involved in the "walk off."

appear their decision to leave the ship was made a little easier in the knowledge that they might have another chance of seeing their wives. I am assured by all the boys that this is not the case.

"We won't see any more of them by staying in England," said W/O. Victor Edwards, of East St. Kilda.

"How can we? My wife is in Wales and I have less than £1 in my pocket. So even if I could expect more leave I wouldn't have the fare."

### Longer separation

THE position of men married to English girls is much the same as that of men married to Australians.

R.A.A.F. men with English brides have to get home to make application for passages for their wives, and the longer the delay in returning to Australia the longer will their separation be.

For many of the married men the decision was a grave one to make. Postwar employment is worrying them, and they are particularly anxious to get back and settle down.

"We're not dodging the problem by remaining in England," W/O. Frank Mills, of Culcairn, N.S.W., said.

"The quicker I start life again as

a civilian, the better chance I'll have of getting the job I want."

He summed up the attitude of the majority.

Some who joined him in voicing this aspect of the "walk off" were F/Os L. J. Waters, Toowoomba; Harry Hudson, Launceston; Ian McLaren, Bairnsdale.

You can see it's an unhappy holiday these R.A.A.F. men have given themselves if you talk to some of them, for they just want to air their grievances and get something definite done about returning under conditions that they feel are possible.

In one little group I met were F/Os George Cavill, Glenferrie, Vic.; Kevin Healy, Brisbane; Stewart Kilpatrick, Albert Park, Vic.; Felix Martin, Bendigo.

They all said: "We don't want to do nothing in England. We are a bit fed up hanging about, but it's the limit the way the Ministry of War Transport expect to ship us home."

F/Os Bill Carr (Bankstown, N.S.W.), George Dickenson, D.F.M. (Mt. Mulligan, near Cairns), and Terry Bourke (Toowoomba) said in chorus: "Be sure to tell everyone at home, for us, that we want to get there as quickly as possible, and we are sure they will understand why

we left the ship. It wasn't our desire to remain away any longer than necessary."

"This wasn't a mass decision," said W/O. Walter Welfare, Leabrook, S.A. "We walked off the ship in twos and threes till there were 350 of us on the wharf."

While the people of Britain are in complete sympathy with these gallant Australian airmen, whom they have grown to know and love during six years of war, officials at R.A.A.F. Overseas Headquarters point out that the boys saw the ship at its worst and things would have looked much better and been more comfortable than they anticipated once they had settled in.

The Orion was built specially for the Australian run and adapted for travel in the tropics.

### Number reduced

IT has carried 4100 men, but R.A.A.F. and New Zealand headquarters protested that this number was too great and it was reduced by 1000.

Airmen consider this is still too many for such a long voyage.

"We are worrying that this might be the way they will bring out our wives and families," one of the men who is married to an English girl said.

"If we went out to Australia under these conditions, they might do it to our wives, so it's just as well to get the whole position settled and the Ministry of War Transport jolted into action before we make the journey out ourselves."

"We do not expect a luxury cruise, but we do want decent accommodation," is the feeling of all the men.

"I've been in seven different ships, and I've never seen anything like this," Cpl. Bill Tricker, of Manly, said.

The men said that the hammocks in decks allotted to junior officers were slung so close together that they touched.

In one case, about 400 men were expected to eat, sleep, and wash in one room. There were only three wash-rooms for them.

"We were expected to eat and sleep on the same tables. Port-holes were sealed because we were near water-level. Conditions would have been appalling when we reached the tropics," one warrant-officer said.

Though most of these men have undergone most rigorous conditions in Britain, and have taken part in many of the most hazardous air operations against the enemy, they felt it was asking a little too much of them to make the long journey to Australia aboard a ship which they described as nothing better than a "cattle ship."



# Editorial

DECEMBER 1, 1945.

## WE AREN'T SO BADLY OFF

THE announcement that current clothing coupons may have to last until December next year offsets reductions and removals from the new clothes rationing scale.

We will still have to study our coupons carefully before buying, and housewives are naturally disappointed that the main items of household linen remain unchanged in rating.

Many households need new sheets and towels rather badly now, and family members, as a rule, are reluctant to part with the coupons needed to buy them.

But the cotton shortage is world-wide. When there is not enough for all of any commodity then rationing is the fairest way.

Only the strongest and boldest could prefer the mad rush and battle to buy which would follow if rationing were lifted.

Those with most ready money and the sharpest elbows would soon deplete available stocks.

We must remember, too, that in this country we are comparatively well off.

In England clothes rationing, which has been in force for much longer than in Australia, is more stringent.

In Europe millions will die this winter from cold and hunger.

Australians have been spared the most gruelling shortages of commodities in wartime.

Mothers, though they may sigh a little as they patch the sheets yet again, or wistfully postpone a coveted dress, will be thankful that with a little care they and their children can still be reasonably well-clad in a world in which so many millions are struggling for bare existence.

# Never a day without fear

Mme Kerensky tells of husband's life as exile

By BETTY WILKINSON

Since the day of her secret marriage, in 1939, Nell Kerensky, Australian-born wife of world-famous Russian leader Alexander Kerensky, has never known what it is to be without fear.

Always she has feared that her husband's many political enemies would change their constant threat into some definite action against him.

MME KERENSKY is back in Australia again after years of wandering. She told her story sitting on the balcony of a quiet seaside hotel, and the drama of what she had to tell contrasted strangely with the peaceful scene.

She told her story in a calm, low voice, devoid of melodrama.

But her brown eyes flashed, and sometimes there were long pauses, while her mind flicked back over the years.

Alexander Kerensky, co-leader of the first Russian Revolution in March, 1917, and head of the Social Democratic Party there, was Premier of Russia for 100 days, before the Bolsheviks, headed by Lenin, gained power.

This man with iron-grey hair, charming, quiet manners, laughs at any thought of harm coming to himself. He flings up his arms and says: "Nothing will happen to me." "My husband was always available to anyone who wished to see him. He could refuse no one," said Mme Kerensky.

"One caller begged for an interview, but insisted it must not be at his flat, or in a cafe. He suggested a car. When I heard this I insisted it should be my car and that I should be the driver."

"The caller would not consent to this."

"A week later, General Muller, leader of the White Russian Army, disappeared, never to be seen again. I felt it might have been my husband."

"Then there was that time in Paris, when the telephone suddenly went out of order," she said.

"A man arrived at our apartment. He wore the official cap of an officer of the Telephone Department."

"From that time the telephone was of little use."

"At last we complained to the department, only to receive the reply that none of their mechanics had been to service our instrument."

"Investigation showed that our line had been tapped."

Despite Kerensky's intense love of Russia, he has had to remain an exile. His writings and lectures against totalitarianism made him hated and hunted by the Nazis.

When the Germans came to Paris the Kerenskys had to fly. But,



LAST STAGE of journey home to Brisbane for Mme Kerensky, formerly Nell Tritton, with her husband, famous political figure, who was Premier of Russia for 100 days

though he endangered his life by doing so, Kerensky stayed long enough to see 60 of his Jewish friends safely away.

Often in stories of daring escapes jewels are carried by refugees, and a story of this kind was told about the Kerenskys after their flight from France.

But Nell Kerensky laughed as she disclaimed any such thing.

"Jewels? Me?" she said. "No, I have never had any jewels. Plenty of refugees did, of course. They were covered with them."

"But it would have been no use my having any, as my husband would have given them to someone needing them more than we did."

A faraway echo of the old days of the Russian Revolution reached the peaceful hotel where the Kerenskys stayed in Sydney on their way to Brisbane to visit Mme Kerensky's people.

## Changed opinion

A TELEPHONE call came for M. Kerensky. His caller was a White Russian.

The Russian said: "I am ringing to tell you that although I hated you bitterly in 1917, I realise now that you were right."

Mme Kerensky had verse published in Brisbane, and in the early 1920's worked on a newspaper in Sydney.

She wanted to go abroad as correspondent for a newspaper, but could not get an assignment. But she was determined to travel. Finally, she got away to Europe in 1925, intending to carry on her writing as a freelance.

She met M. Kerensky at a garden party in London, and he invited her to luncheon.

She continued her writing, and travelled all over the Continent. She met Kerensky in many of her travels.

"Finally we were married, and we have been very happy," said Mme Kerensky.

For their marriage they chose a small town called Martin's Creek, in Pennsylvania, U.S.A.

The simple ceremony was conducted by a Justice of the Peace, who

was so excited at officiating at the marriage of such a famous man that he could hardly speak.

The marriage was kept a close secret, and was a surprise even to the Tritton family.

M. and Mme Kerensky made their home in Paris.

In 1940, when they left, they found refuge in America.

They wanted quiet above all, so chose for their home a charming weatherboard house in Connecticut. One of the oldest in the district, it was built in the Early Colonial style.

To this house came Alexander Kerensky's friends and followers. Every week-end there were a few house guests, and the party usually increased to 20 or more. It was not all seriousness and politics.

"My husband adores croquet," said Nell Kerensky. "And if you think croquet is a gentle, quiet little game, then you have never seen Russians play it. You have no idea how dramatic it can be."

The Russian festivals of Christmas and Easter were great occasions in the Kerensky household.

"I have always made a point of keeping up these festivities. I had about 75 or 80 friends at our New York apartment, and I served Russian food. It included kulich (a cake), and pasqua (a dessert), served together," continued Mme Kerensky.

"My husband has never become reconciled to being an exile. He is always homesick."

"I was able to understand his great longing for Russia when Australia was in danger and I was far away. It is a terrible feeling."

Mme Kerensky has come home to see her family, and to regain her health.

She still has the same vivid interest in public affairs that took her abroad and made her the wife of a world-famous man.

Although she is so understanding of her husband's longing for Russia, Mme Kerensky does not want to go there.

"I never want to go anywhere again where there is snow," she said. "I have had enough of it in New York."

# Interesting People



LORD ALAN BROOKE

... British Chief of Staff

CHIEF of British Imperial General Staff, Field-Marshal Lord Alan Brooke, is on official tour of the Empire, including Australia. Before leaving London presided at meetings of military experts to decide future of British Army ... its distribution over world, what part will occupy Japan, what proportion will be retained as professional army. Has been Chief of Staff since 1941



LT.-GEN. J. NORTHCOTT

... appointment in Japan

APPOINTED Commander-in-Chief, British Commonwealth of Nations occupying forces in Japan. Lieut.-General John Northcott, of Melbourne, commands land establishments of British, Australian, New Zealand Army, Navy, and Air Force units. Is subordinate only to Supreme Commander, General MacArthur. Was formerly Chief of Staff A.M.F. and Allied Land Forces.



G/CAPT. H. J. WILSON

... world's fastest flier

R.A.F. Group-Captain H. J. (Willie) Wilson, A.F.C. and two Bars, is world's fastest flier. Striking through air over Herne Bay, England, in Meteor jet-propelled plane "Britannia," he recently established world air-speed record of 606 m.p.h. Says: "One feels machine is capable of yet more speed. I am only the wretched jockey." His perfect piloting was feature of the flight.

## YOUR COUPONS

TEA: 17 to 28.  
SUGAR: 31 to 34.  
BUTTER: 19 to 21 (all Dec. 16).  
MEAT: Black, 42 to 46, red and green, 49 and 51. On Dec. 3, black 17 to 40, and red and green 33 and 35 also become valid (available till Dec. 16).  
CLOTHING: Y1-36, 227-118.



IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . By Wep.



# Film Reviews

## ★★★ THE TRUE GLORY

THIS documentary film released by BFP is magnificent. Portraying the official U.S.-British record of the European campaign from Invasion Day to VE-Day, it is a triumph of collaboration and a "must" on anyone's film list.

"The True Glory" is the fighting-man's picture of the war, and for eighty-five spellbound minutes audiences will see the workings of the vast campaign packed into a heart-stirring and thrilling saga.

From General Eisenhower's foreword to the final scene of victory there is not one dull moment. In addition to a commentary there are the spoken impressions of dozens of the men who took part, from a Cockney Tommy to an American negro cook. No one who hears their simple remarks will forget them easily.

Co-producers were Captain Garstin Kassin for America and Captain Carol Reed for England.—Lyceum; showing.

## ★★ I'LL BE SEEING YOU

ONE of the first of an inevitable stream of films about the rehabilitation of psychiatric servicemen has been produced by United Artists, starring Joseph Cotten, Ginger Rogers, and Shirley Temple.

As Zachary Morgan, Joseph Cotten gives a fine portrayal, never striking a false note.

Ginger Rogers as Mary Marshall provides some moments of deep warmth in a difficult role. Shirley Temple has her best part since her comeback.—Regent; showing.

## ★★ A MEDAL FOR BENNY

AN unusual story, in which John Steinbeck had a hand, and a splendid performance by character actor J. Carroll Naish give Paramount's release its good marks. The presence of Dorothy Lamour and Arturo de Cordova is incidental. As old Charley Martin, resident in a Mexican fishing village, and father of a new-do-well son, Benny, who becomes a war hero, Naish's performance should merit consideration for an Academy Award.—Capitol; showing.

## ★★ WEEKEND AT THE WALDORF

AUSTRALIAN audiences may be a little wide-eyed when they view MGM's story of life at the famous New York Hotel. Synonymous with wealth and luxury, the Waldorf has been reproduced with a hang-the-expense atmosphere. With stars Van Johnson, Ginger Rogers, Lana Turner, and Walter Pidgeon to accent it, the story has been adapted from Vicki Baum's play, "Grand Hotel."

Van Johnson is a war hero who falls in love with stenographer Lana Turner, and Ginger Rogers is a movie star who finds romance with cynical war correspondent Walter Pidgeon.—Liberty; showing.

## ★ DON JUAN QUILLIGAN

BRAWNY down-to-earth William Bendix stars as a barge captain in this weak farce from Fox. As Quilligan Bendix becomes involved in bigamy and marries gay Joan Blondell in New York, and home body Mary Treen in Utica. He invents a twin brother, and finally wriggles out of his troubles.—Civic; showing.

## ★ SAN FERNANDO VALLEY

A COWBOY yarn in the modern manner, complete with "hot" rhythm, this Republic film stars Roy Rogers and Dale Evans. The amiable Roy ambles through a series of adventures, finally defeating the fiery-tempered granddaughter of the owner of a super luxury ranch.—Cameo and Lyric; showing.

## ★ THE VERY THOUGHT OF YOU

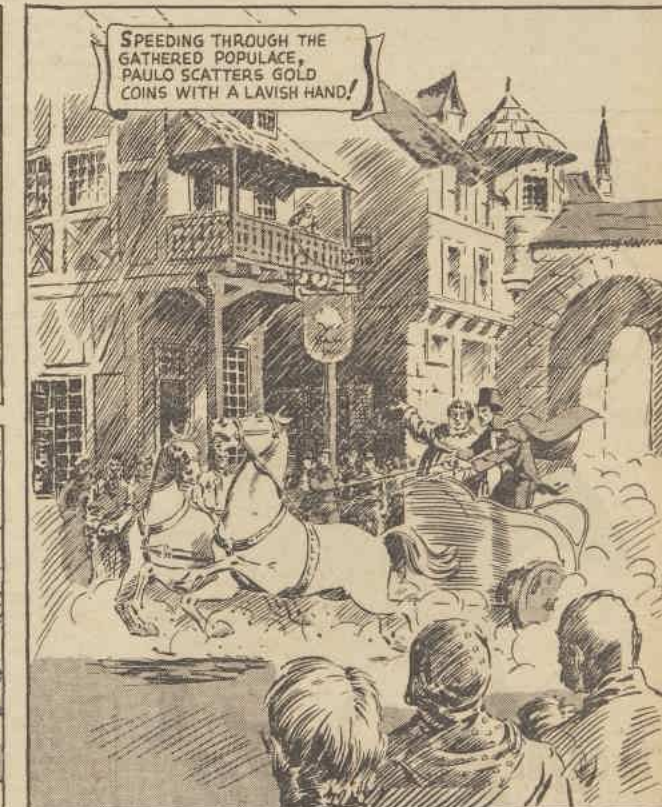
THIS comedy-drama from Warners is drawn out beyond the limits of enjoyment. One of the many wartime busy marriage yarns, it drags badly in spite of the efforts of stars Dennis Morgan and lovely Eleanor Parker. Dune Clark as Morgan's Army pal gives an interesting performance.—Mayfair; showing.



# Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master Magician, and LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, are visiting DEMENTOR: Which is ruled by a cruel tyrant—PRINCE PAULO: Who holds captive DORMUS: Because he is in love with SYBIL LOUISA: Beautiful daughter of one of Paulo's greatest enemies, Marlock. The Prince wants to marry Sybil. Mandrake says

he will help the captives. Meanwhile, Lothar has been forced to enter the arena, to fight a tiger, lion, or panther. Mandrake is forced by Paulo to watch the fight. Mandrake's figure image, unseen except by Lothar, tells him to open all the doors, releasing the three animals, and escaping himself by the fourth door. NOW READ ON:





# Entire population, 44, thrilled with their own V.C.



GOLDMINER AND FARMER, Private Leslie Thomas Starcevic, V.C. He is 27.



POST OFFICE and store at Grass Patch, W.A. Population of the little community is only 44.

## Everyone in Grass Patch knows Tom Starcevic

From FRANK FREEMAN  
Storekeeper and postmaster at Grass Patch, W.A.

Never in the history of our little post office at Grass Patch has there been such an influx of telegrams in one day as there was when the award of the V.C. to Private Leslie Thomas Starcevic was announced.

You can imagine our excitement here when you know that Grass Patch, 50 miles north of the small port of Esperance, has a population of only 44 people—11 families.

A GREAT welcome awaits our Western Australian hero, and we are all hoping that Tom is granted leave at a very early date.

He, no doubt, will be very much embarrassed by all these expressions of public enthusiasm. He is a very quiet, reserved, and unassuming type, as are all his family.

In fact, those who know him intimately say that the welcome will be much more arduous for him than assaulting four enemy machine-gun posts single-handed—the action which won him the V.C.

The Starcevic family has had a lot of excitement in the past few weeks, for Private Joe, of the 2/4th Battalion, returned a month ago from a prison camp at Fukuoka, Japan.

There are ten children in the family, and all the eligible boys enlisted.

Private Ivan is with the 11th Infantry Battalion at Rabaul, and has volunteered to serve in Japan. Private George is at Morotai.

### Father was miner

ALAN, Bob, Dave, Patricia, and Stan are all at home, and Mabel (Mrs. Alex Mayberry) is married to an R.A.A.F. man serving in Darwin. Their father, Joseph Starcevic, came to Western Australia from Yugoslavia early in the century, and their mother came from England at the age of 17.

Joseph Starcevic was first a miner on the Kalgoorlie goldfields. He came to the Grass Patch district 23 years ago, when working on the railroad from Esperance to Norseman.

He selected a place for farming and settled down, and brought his wife and children from the goldfields to the district, then opening up

KILLED in the action in Borneo in which he won the V.C., the late Corporal Jack Mackey joined the A.I.F. five years ago, when 18 years old.

His decoration was announced on the same day as that of Private Starcevic.

Jack Mackey served in Darwin, the Middle East, New Guinea, and Borneo.

As leader of a section in an attack near Tarakan, he displayed great heroism, eliminated two machine-gun posts, and enabled his platoon to gain its objective.

His father, Mr. Stanley Mackey, now living in Melbourne, says that as a boy Jack loved adventure stories and comics.

"Once, when I had a bakery at Leichhardt, Sydney," said Mr. Mackey, "Jack, then 11, wrote a good-bye note and left home in search of adventure."

"When I got home from the bakery in the morning I knew where to look for him. He was asleep behind the Leichhardt Stadium with a bundle of comics beside him."

"This was always his favorite retreat when he wanted to escape from everyday routine."

"Many a time he played truant from St. Columba's School, Leichhardt, to enjoy his comics and adventure stories there undisturbed."

"Since then Jack has taken part in adventures as daring as any he ever read about."

"His mother died six months before war began. He has three sisters, who live in Sydney."



THE LATE CORPORAL JOHN BERNARD MACKEY, V.C.

Tom worked on his father's farm and others in the district. Early in the war he applied to join the Navy, but was unsuccessful. He then went gold-mining at Norseman, and enlisted in the A.I.F. in 1941.

He saw service in the Middle East, At Ruin Ridge he was wounded in the thigh by a machine-gun bullet.

In this theatre of war he carried a wounded mate three miles to safety.

He returned from the Middle East with the Ninth Division, and fought through the New Guinea campaign.

In an encounter at Gusika he was one of a party of 30 Australians who for nine hours, without food, repulsed an attacking force of 150 Japs, killing 26 and wounding 50.

An account in a Western Australian paper, describing the encounter, said:

"During the fight the Bren-guns refused relief, particularly Private Tom Starcevic, who said it would take too long to show new gunners just where the Japs were."

Mrs. Starcevic is naturally a very proud and happy woman at this moment.

But she says that even in the excitement of Joe's homecoming and Tom's decoration, she has felt very deeply and sincerely for all mothers who have lost their boys.

During the war, Grass Patch population has been much depleted by enlistments, but the 44 remaining residents have worked hard for the Mallee Patriotic Fund, Salmon Gums, which has sent canteen orders to the 50 enlisted men on their books.

Donations have been made to Red Cross, A.C.F., and other funds.

At a race meeting and carnival dance at Grass Patch the notable sum of £50 was raised.

We of Grass Patch all share the pride of the Starcevic family.

However, I am sending out an S.O.S. to authorities to please hold any further decorations for Grass-Patchers until I recover from writer's cramp, from writing out so many telegrams.



MOTHER AND FATHER, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Starcevic, and three of their children.

## SENSATIONAL SPORTING SCOOP... CYRIL ANGLES JOINS 2GB!



CYRIL ANGLES

Under special arrangements with the A.J.C., the Sydney Turf Club, and the Roschill Racing Club, 2GB inaugurates special racing broadcasts from inside the courses.



Also Complete Descriptions of all Melbourne Races.

BE ON THE

# Inside 2GB

WITH

CHARLES LAWRENCE



EVERY SATURDAY AFTERNOON

Radio listeners will enjoy a complete coverage of all general sport. Some of the experts are: Charles Lawrence (Melbourne form), A. A. Gainsford (Athletics), W. Bolger (Golf), R. Swinbourne (Cycling), J. H. Dillon (Surfing).

## As I Read the STARS by JUNE MARSDEN

THE sun has now moved from the sign Scorpio into Sagittarius. This is important news for many people, for it means better times for Sagittarians, Leonians, and Arians.

### The Daily Diary

HERE is my astrological review for the week:

**ARIES** (March 21 to April 21): Good weeks ahead. Set high goals and work hard to achieve them. Promotions, gains, and changes are possible.

**TAURUS** (April 21 to May 21): Slight improvements now, but avoid overconfidence.

**GEMINI** (May 22 to June 22): Be guarded now. Indiscretions and misrepresentation produce regrets. Loss, partings, and opposition likely. Especially on Nov. 27, 28, and Dec. 4.

**CANCER** (June 23 to July 23): Very fair for most Cancerians on Nov. 28 (except midday) and Dec. 1 (to sunset).

**LEO** (July 23 to Aug. 24): Keep busy. Some good weeks ahead. Plan for promotion, changes, and gains.

**VIRGO** (Aug. 24 to Sept. 23): Difficult weeks ahead. Windon and patience necessary to avoid trouble and worry. Nov. 27 and 28 poor. Also Dec. 1 and 4.

**LIBRA** (Sept. 23 to Oct. 24): Very helpful on Nov. 28 (except midday hours), 29 (afternoon best), and all 30. Also Dec. 1, 3 (after 2 p.m.) and Dec. 4.

**SCORPIO** (Oct. 24 to Nov. 23): Avoid overconfidence now. Nov. 28 (except midday), and 30 (noon to 4 p.m.), Dec. 3 (after 2 p.m.), and 4 all good.

**SAGITTARIUS** (Nov. 23 to Dec. 22): Some splendid weeks ahead. Use wisely.

**CAPRICORN** (Dec. 23 to Jan. 20): Nov. 28 (after 2 p.m.), surprisingly helpful. Dec. 3 (after 2 p.m.), and Dec. 4 good too.

**AQUARIUS** (Jan. 20 to Feb. 19): Modest improvements possible now. Useful Nov. 28 (after 2 p.m.), 29, and 30. Dec. 1 (midday only), 3 (after noon), and 4 very good.

**PISCES** (Feb. 19 to March 21): Live quietly now for a few weeks. Obstacles and worries possible. Especially on Nov. 27 and 28, and Dec. 4. Avoid losses, changes, partings.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in it. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.]

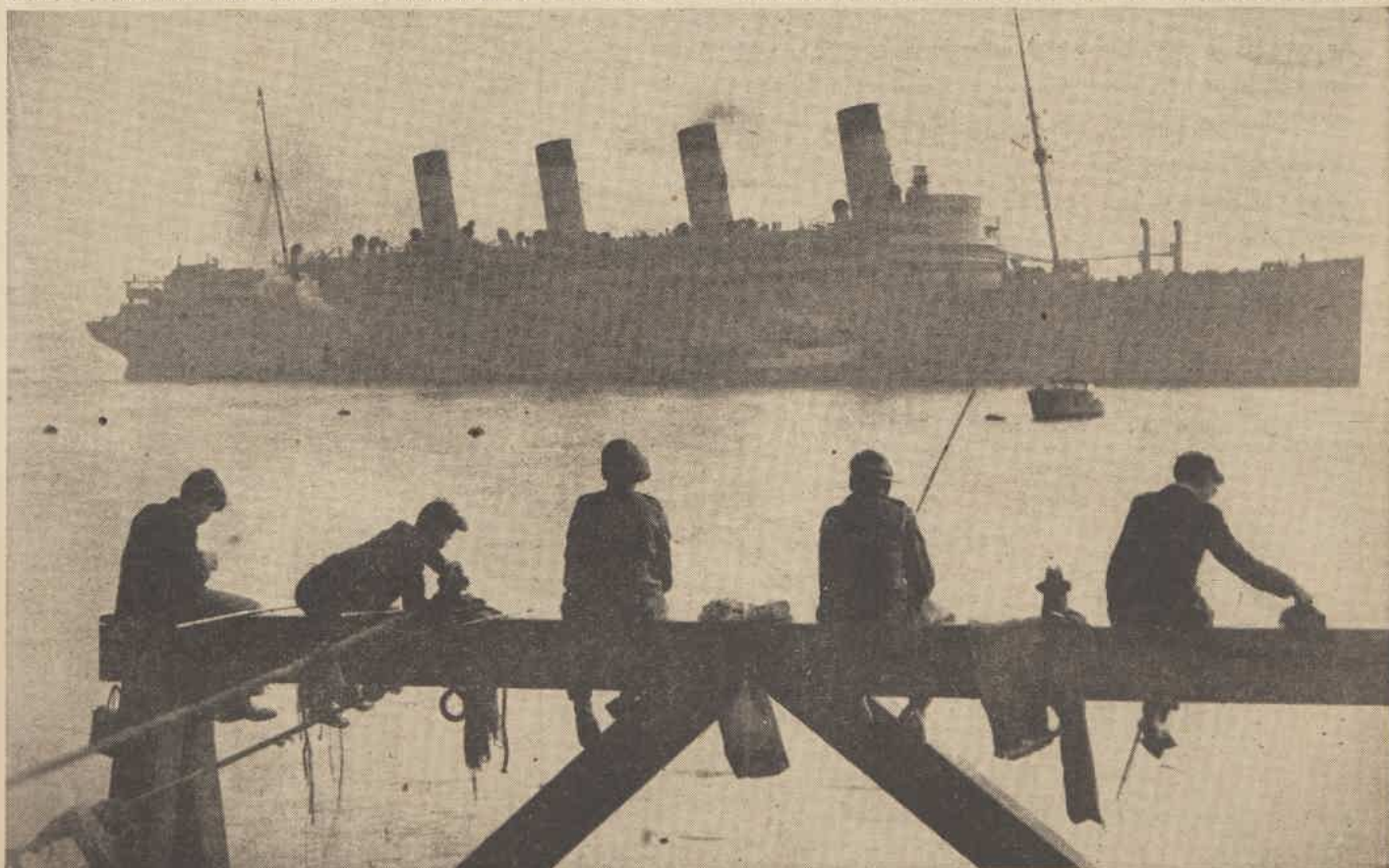


# Huntin' and fishin' . . . peaceful English scenes



**FIRST MEET** since the war held by the Aldenham Hunt. It was first time in 20 years that hounds had met within 10 miles of Marble Arch, London.

The Hunt met at Bury Farm, Edgware, Middlesex, part of the Green Belt round London which was given over to food production during the war.



**LEISURELY SCENE** near Southampton Pier is welcome reminder that peacetime conditions are on the way, even though two of the fishermen

still wear uniform. In the background is the Aquitania, sailing for Australia with Australian airmen and New Zealand troops returning home.





HE'S A  
**Kool**  
CUSTOMER...

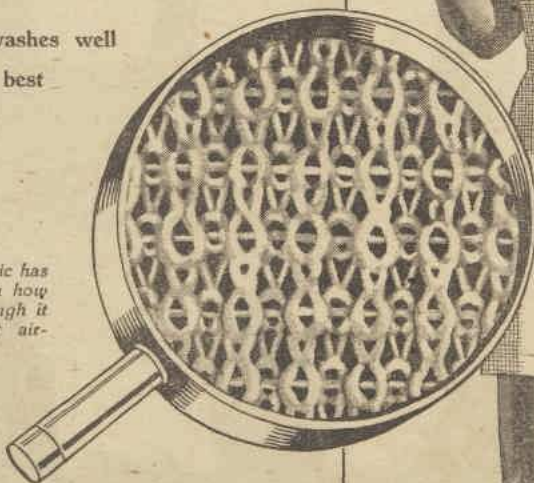
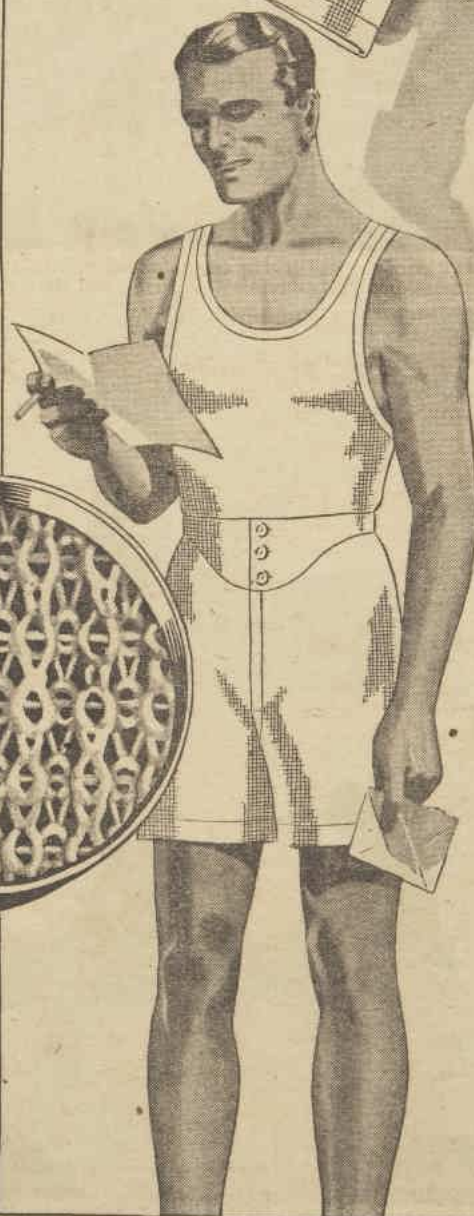
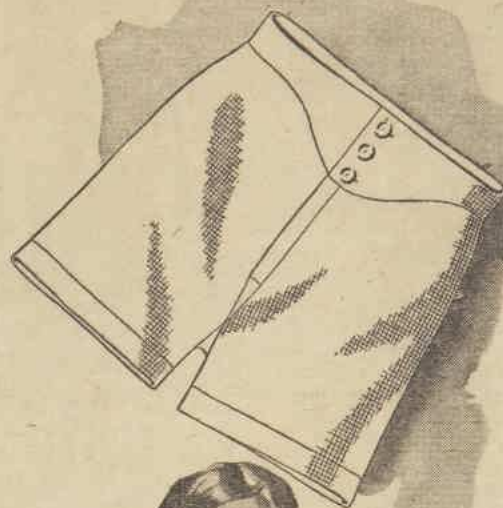
As cool as a cucumber whilst other men swelter! But there's no secret about it. He wears modern air-conditioned Kool Underwear — finest imported English cotton, knitted into air spaces which allow hot air out and cool air in.

Kool is cooler — and healthier too. It washes well — wears well — and keeps its shape. The best stores stock Kool in all sizes. Be a Kool customer.

★ This piece of "Kool" fabric has been magnified to show you how easily cool air can get through it and heat escape — perfect air-conditioning!

**Kool** AIR-CONDITIONED  
UNDERWEAR FOR MEN

Made by **Eagley**







JACK DAVEY, who comperes the "Can You Top This?" session from Station 2GB.

## New time for joke session

The 2GB session "Can You Top This?" will be heard at a new time starting on December 7, when it will be broadcast at 8 p.m.

As well as being at a new time the session is to be widened in its scope.

IN this programme listeners send in jokes which are told to the audience by comperes Jack Davey and other comedians—George Foster, Bill Fennell, Don Baker, and Theo Walters.

Jack Davey tells the first joke, and the volume of laughter it causes is measured on a machine.

Then the guest comedian tells the second joke, and the winner gets £2. There is a second prize of 10/6, so any listener who has a joke told over the air gets a prize.

In future, anyone who feels he can do anything better than any of the artists in the show will be invited to have an audition with Dick Hyde.

Mr. Hyde is producing the show, after serving for four years with the R.A.A.F.

Singers and instrumentalists who want to "top" artists in the show should contact him at the Colgate-Palmolive Radio Unit, 6th Floor, Bligh Street, Sydney.

"Toppers" can try to send in funnier jokes than anyone else, or they can try to tell the joke in a funnier way. They can claim to conduct the orchestra better than Denis Collinson, or to sing better than any of the guest artists.

Directors of 2GB hope some good talent will be discovered among "toppers."

Artists who have appeared in "Can You Top This?" include Abe Reisman, clarinetist; Valda Bagmail, soprano; Raymond Baird, saxophonist; Dot and Marge, instrumentalists; and singers Peggy Brooks and Alan Ould.

## THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY SESSION FROM 2GB

Every day from 4.30 to 5 p.m.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 28: Reg. Edwards' Gardening Talk.

THURSDAY, Nov. 29 (from 4.30 to 4.45): The Australian Women's Weekly Maternal Service Bureau Session.

FRIDAY, Nov. 30: The Australian Women's Weekly presents Goodie Reeve in "Gems of Melody."

SATURDAY, Dec. 1: "Among My Reminiscences."

SUNDAY, Dec. 2 (4.15-5.00): The Australian Women's Weekly presents "Festival of Music."

MONDAY, Dec. 3: "Melody Four-some."

TUESDAY, Dec. 4: Goodie Reeve presents "Musical Quiz."

Printed and published by Consolidated Press Limited, 125-124 Castlereagh Street, Sydney

# Fashion PATTERNS

F4037.—Three-piece beach outfit for sun worshippers. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 36in. wide. Pattern, 1/10.

F4038.—Sweet ruffled blouse. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2½yds. 36in. wide. Pattern, 1/4.

F4039.—Delightful little frock for dancing. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 5½yds. 36in. wide. Pattern, 1/10.

F4037

F4040.—Smart summer suit with contrasting braid. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 36in. wide, and 1½yds. braid trimming. Pattern, 1/7.

F4041.—Floral frock you'll adore all summer. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 36in. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

## Fashion Frock Service

### "ANNETTE"

Charming frock in floral crepe.

This sweet frock is fashioned in a delightful rayon screen printed flat crepe in tonings of blue, cherry, cyclamen and green, with no shade definite.

The style features the latest sleeve with unbroken shoulder line, spade-shaped neckline, trim waist, and fully flared, gathered skirt. Ready to Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 72/11 (13 coupons); 36, 38, and 40in. bust, 77/6 (13 coupons). Postage 1/9½ extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 50/9 (13 coupons); 36, 38, and 40in. bust, 58/6 (13 coupons). Postage 1/9½ extra.



F4039



F4038



F4040

F4041



## NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 603.—Little Girl's Sweet Petticoat and Panties.

The design for this sweet little set may be obtained, clearly traced on British satin, in shades of pastel: lemon, blue, pink, or green, with the directions for cutting out and making embroidery motif 2, stamped on bodice and skirt to be worked in pastel tonings.

Panties have a shaped waistband and straight legs edged with trim. Lace is not supplied.

Sizes 2 to 4 years, sup. 6/11 (4 coupons); pants, 4/11 (2 coupons); complete set, 10/11 (7 coupons); 4 to 6 years, sup. 7/6 (4 coupons); pants, 5/6 (2 coupons); complete set, 12/6 (5 coupons); 6 to 8 years, sup. 7/11 (4 coupons); pants, 5/11 (2 coupons); complete set, 12/11 (5 coupons). Postage 3½d. extra.

No. 604.—Handy Laundry Bag. This attractive and compact laundry bag comes to you with the design traced on best British cotton in shades of honey-lemon and apple-green, all ready to make. Size of bag is 36in. x 27in., and edges may be bound in a contrast or to tone. Binding and coat-hanger not supplied. Price, 6/11. Postage 2½d. extra.



658

657



## SPECIAL CONCESSION PATTERN TAILORED BEACH SHORTS.

Sizes 36, 38, and 40in. hips—All require 1½yds. 36in. wide.

## Concession Coupon

AVAILABLE for one month from date of issue; 3d. stamp must be forwarded for each coupon enclosed. Send your order to "Pattern Department," to the address in your State, as under:

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**AIR FORCE INTEREST.** Flight-Lieutenant Bryan Good, D.F.C., R.A.A.F., of Vancouver, Canada, and his bride, formerly Assistant Section-Officer Elwyn Cotterill, W.A.A.F., leave St. Stephen's Church, Macquarie Street, after their marriage. Bride is eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. F. Cotterill, of Vauchuse.



**ROMANTIC ENGAGEMENT.** Lieut. Noel Abrams, R.A.N.V.R., of H.M.A.S. Warramunga, and fiancée Nance Medlyn, on staff of The Australian Women's Weekly. Vicki met fiance while on reporting assignment on board Warramunga.



**INTERESTING WEDDING.** Dr. Robert Higham and his bride, formerly Nance Medlyn, leave St. Mark's Church, Darling Point, with attendants Shirley Stanton and Ron Tracey. Bob is nephew of actress Gladys Moncrieff, and Nance wears lovely veil worn by Gladys at her wedding.



**JUST ENGAGED.** Walter ('Bun') Tyrrell, ex-A.I.F., and his fiancée, Dell White, celebrate at Prince's. Dell is younger daughter of the E. K. Whites, of Kurraba Point. Couple plan marriage in Africa early in New Year.

## People and PARTIES

**HEAR exciting news this week of wedding plans of Rosemary Game's marriage to Nigel D'Oyly Harmar which takes place this month at St. Andrew's Church, Ham Common, Surrey, England.**

Nigel's cousin, ex-P.O.W. Private Timothy Earle, of Balgowlah, who served with Federated Malay States Volunteer Force, has newly letters from his aunt, written on October 22, telling him of wedding plans.

Rosemary, who is daughter of our former Governor, Sir Philip Game, and Lady Game, who are now living at Ham Common, chooses lovely ivory chiffon embroidered with gold for her wedding gown, with out tulle veil and beaded dress of gold lilies.

Bridegroom's parents, Colonel C. D'Oyly Harmar, D.S.O., late R.M. Light Infantry, and Mrs. Harmar, of Barrow Lodge, Bury St. Edmunds, lived in Sydney for three years some years ago.

**REV. E. BEARD** officiates at ceremony, and Bishop Crotty, formerly of Bathurst, gives address.

Wedding cakes sent from Australia by Mrs. Massey Green and Mrs. Ferris are cut at reception, which is held at Lawrence Hall Hotel, Ham Common.

**COUNTRY** interest when Darvall Delaney, ex-A.I.F., of Forbes, marries Olwyn Davies, "Yetman," Werris Creek, at St. John's Church, Darlinghurst. Mrs. John Martin and Frank Stitt, of Forbes, attended couple. Everyone sorry Darvall's sister Ouida (Mrs. Bruce Rylance) couldn't get down from Brisbane for wedding.



**PLANNING PARTY.** Joan Buxton, Pat Freeman, and Elaine Welsh, members of the Belhaven Social Group, plan summer cocktail party at Pickwick Club this Wednesday.



**ORCHIDS FOR BRIDE-TO-BE.** Elva Collins, president of Wives and Fiances of U.S. Servicemen Club, pins orchids on guest, Anna Volkova, Anna, who was member of Russian Ballet which visited Australia, is engaged to Captain Jim Barnes, of Vauchuse. Also in group, Noeline Collins and Mrs. Margaret Bartlett.



**YOUTHFUL BRIDAL COUPLE.** Kenneth Morgan and his bride, formerly Daphne Hart, leave St. Jude's Church, Randwick, after their marriage.

**NEWS** of Lorna Khan, who has recently been discharged from W.A.A.F., is that she leaves Sydney in the Nestor to join her husband, Squadron-Leader Albert Khan, who was senior medical officer at recruiting centre, Sydney, before he left for England to take up duties as the principal medical officer for the R.A.A.F. over there. "I'm naturally very excited," says Lorna, "as apart from seeing my husband again I have not been to England since my schooldays and expect to see lots of changes."

**RECENTLY** returned P.O.W. Private Richard Spicer, of 2/18th Battalion of 8th Division, calls to see me, and tells me news of his engagement to Emma Cutler, of Burwood, formerly of Inverell. Couple plan marriage in New Year.

**SHORT** honeymoon in Victoria for Flight-Lieut. Roscoe Jones, R.A.A.F., and bride, formerly Hilda Radcliffe, of Roseville. Roscoe was recalled during leave and sent to Cairns, where he is now engaged in air-sea rescue work.

**RUN** into vivacious Mrs. W. J. Scarff, who tells me she is paying her first visit to her home town for more than five years. Formerly Kathleen Hanrahan, of Vauchuse, she is now settled in Melbourne with her husband, Dr. Scarff, and two small sons, Anthony and Robert.

**CHATting** to Mrs. Aubrey Capp. She tells me her daughter Pat (Mrs. Miles Morphet), who is now living in Melbourne, has baby son. Pat and Miles choose Robin Miles as name for their first-born.

**SEE** Lieut. Charles Prescott, R.A.N., who is just back from Hong-kong, lunching with his fiancée, June Roberts, of Roseville, in Tudor Room of Australia Hotel. . . . Couple tell me it's THE day; in other words, they're buying engagement ring.

Although they've been engaged for 18 months, June wanted to wait until Charles returned to purchase ring together. They plan marriage early in December.



**HONEYMOONERS.** Warrant Officer David Ozenham, R.A.A.F., and Mrs. Ozenham, formerly Patricia Phelan, snapped in city.

**FUTURE** home in Sydney for Flight-Lieut. Ken Glasziou, R.A.A.F., and his bride, pretty Betty Mitchell, of Auckland, New Zealand, who flew over here for her marriage with Ken at St. John's, Campsie. Betty met Ken when he passed through Auckland four and a half years ago on his way to Canada. They became engaged while he was overseas.

**JUST** discharged from U.S. Army, Bill Culbert will make his home in Australia with his bride, formerly Bonnie Lewis, daughter of the Dan Lewis, of Randwick. Bill and Bonnie were married recently at Our Lady of the Sacred Heart Church, Randwick.

**ATTRACTIVE** lasses Joan Childers and Justine Boydell are bridesmaids to Marion Lambert, daughter of the P. A. Lamberts, of Lindfield, when she marries Flying-Officer Paul Wilkinson, R.A.A.F., at St. Philip's, Church Hill. Paul recently returned from England.

JOYCE





• RITA HAYWORTH (above), Columbia's glamor dancing star, has her first dramatic starring role in "Gilda," her newest film. Married to actor Orson Welles, she announced recently that she is expecting a second child next year. Her daughter Rebecca is ten months old.

(1)

• ADELE JERGENS, blonde beauty and former model, won the World's Fair Contest for blondes. She has travelled extensively abroad, and gained a film contract with Columbia after appearing in place of Gypsy Rose Lee in a New York play. She is featured in the technicolor fantasy "A Thousand and One Nights."



• NANCY GATES (left), brunette RKO starlet, is a nineteen-year-old from Texas. She was a radio singer before she was signed for pictures in Hollywood, and her current film is "The Spanish Main," a technicolor romantic drama starring Maureen O'Hara and Paul Henreid.

## Movieworld

• FAYE EMERSON, third wife of Elliott Roosevelt, has appeared in many films for Warners. She is from Texas, and gained acting experience in a repertory company. Her newest film is "Her Kind of Man." Recently she spent a holiday with her mother-in-law, Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, at the Roosevelt home, Hyde Park, New York.





**1 BEAUTIFUL**, selfish Fanny Trellis (Davis) and brother (Waring) plan to entertain his rich employer Job Skeffington (Rains).



**2 BECAUSE** he is soon in love with Fanny kindly Job overlooks her vanity and lust for admiration. They are married in 1914.



**3 BEFORE** Job goes to the war he tries unsuccessfully to persuade Fanny to settle down and stop entertaining young admirers.



**4 AFTER THE WAR**, Job finds Fanny unchanged, so they agree to separate, and he takes their young daughter, Fanny, to live with him in Europe.



**5 CLINGING** to youth and still incredibly vain, Fanny encourages young Johnny Mitchell (Drake), with others, to visit her.



**6 WHEN OLD AGE** overtakes her, Fanny is reunited with her daughter, who escapes from Europe before war breaks out. Job is interned by the Nazis, and finally young Fanny marries Johnny Mitchell, her mother's former admirer, and they leave Fanny to live in the West.

## Tale of an egotist...



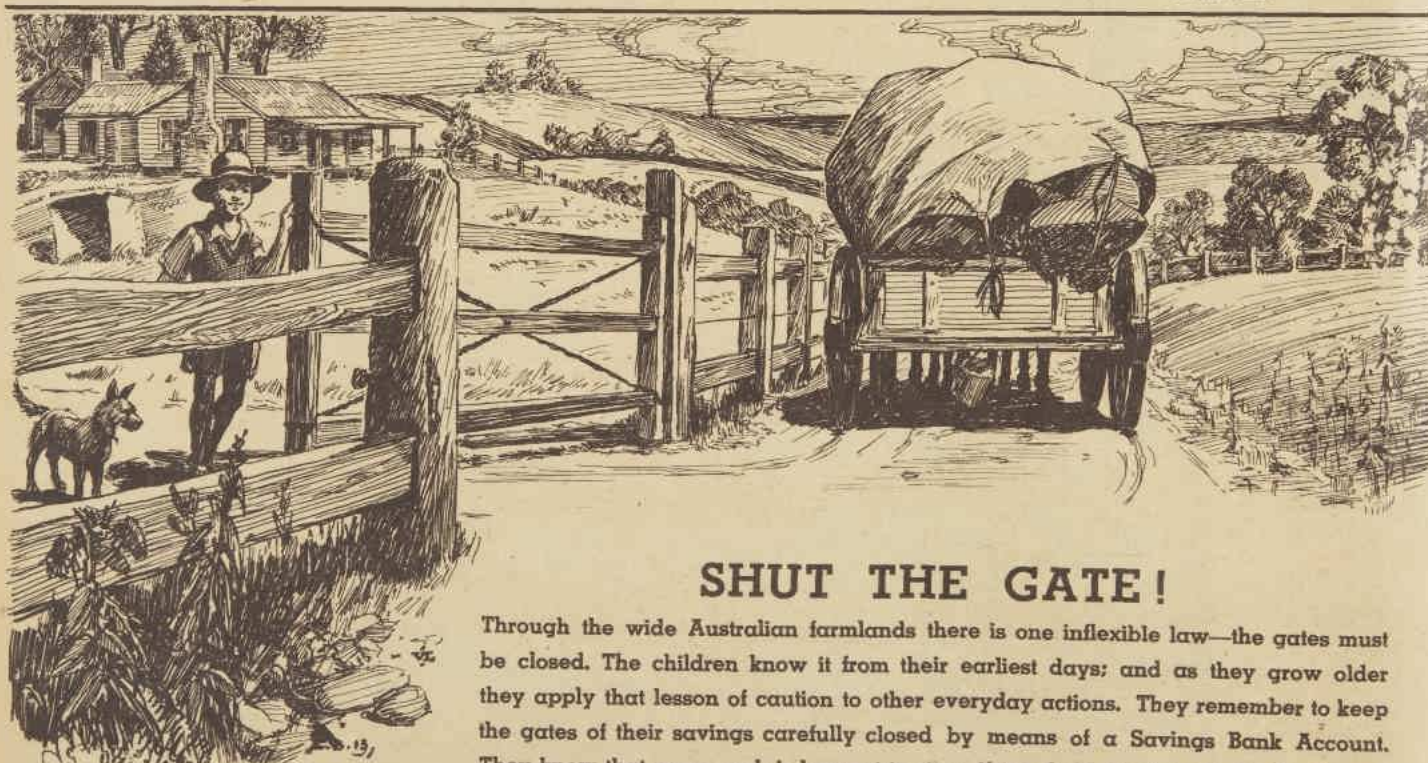
"MR. SKEFFINGTON," the Warners film based on the novel by famous English writer "Elizabeth," is really the story of Mrs. Skeffington.

Bette Davis returns to an unsympathetic part as Fanny Skeffington, a woman of incredible vanity who lives only for admiration.

She blithely schemes and coquettes her way through twenty-six years of assorted loves, ignoring the misery and heartbreak she has caused by the way.

Miss Davis pitched her voice much higher than usual for the film, as she considered that the shallow, feather-brained Fanny would be more likely to speak that way. As Job Skeffington, Fanny's long-suffering husband, Claude Rains has his best role for a long time.

**7 OLD** and haggard, Fanny fears to meet Job when he is released, but as he has been blinded he still thinks her beautiful.



## SHUT THE GATE!

Through the wide Australian farmlands there is one inflexible law—the gates must be closed. The children know it from their earliest days; and as they grow older they apply that lesson of caution to other everyday actions. They remember to keep the gates of their savings carefully closed by means of a Savings Bank Account. They know that spare cash is less apt to stray if it is held for them in the Bank; and although the gates may be opened readily if required, it is always wise to be sure of safety.

Be sure now! Open a Savings Account with the

**COMMONWEALTH SAVINGS BANK**  
OF AUSTRALIA

There's

A BRANCH OR  
POST OFFICE AGENCY  
IN YOUR DISTRICT





# Christmas is in the air!

Start your Xmas gift shopping now! Make a list of your friends and buy Exotiq Perfumes and Eau de Cologne in advance to delight them! NOW is the time to make sure of better selection in these exquisite gifts so long adored in Paris and New York. Avoid the last minute rush.

Exotiq Perfumes are perfumes "with a difference"

... they bring to you personally the refinements of Continental technique ... lavishing their loveliness to make you happier.

Your Chemist or store has these three individual Exotiq Perfumes TODAY ("Number Six" ... "L'amour" ... or "Reverie").

YOU'RE SMARTER WHEN YOU'RE

*Exotic*



THE CLOSE-UP  
THAT SHOWS UP  
YOUR TEETH!



A sparkling smile . . . a fresh sweet breath . . . that's the winning combination for a close up, and that's what Listerine Tooth Paste gives you. See for yourself what a quick, thorough cleaning and polishing job this special dental formula does for your teeth.

**LISTERINE**  
TOOTH PASTE

**F**IVE pairs of eyes gazed at Hunt with anxious appeal. Off-caps meant it was a charge.

"Not yet. At present it would only be repairing on board improperly dressed. There's a much more serious charge at the bottom of this boot business, unless I'm mistaken. Now, then—you, Dale! What do you mean, all of you, by coming tip-toeing on board in your socks, like a—like a dashed beauty chorus, dangling one boot each in your hands?"

"We didn't think it mattered, sir," said Dale with complete imbecility.

"You didn't think it mattered? Apart from anything else, are you so well-off for boots that you can afford to strew them all over the town? How are you going to look at next kit-muster? You know you can't get any shops out here to make up. And even if you could, they'd think twice before dishing you out one boot each."

Brook drew a long breath. "Maybe we'd better tell you the 'ole story, sir," he said.

He told it. Hunt listened without a quiver. When the single-shod quintet had wilted away, Hunt retired to his cabin, lay back on his bunk, and laughed. Presently, he sat up with a frown. It was all very well to let the men off, but they were still short of those boots.

There was the difficulty of replacement. If Number One took it into his head to hold a kit-muster. And all five were in the division of which Hunt was Divisional Officer.

Hunt was a good Divisional Officer. It seemed to him it was up to him to get the boots back.

The following afternoon, he went with a suitcase along to the Alcazar

and requested audience with the manager. Senor Gomez, he was informed, was occupied with his sister. Lieutenant Hunt was reluctant to disturb Senor Gomez, but his business was urgent and he had little spare time.

He was shown into a small, bare room where Senor Gomez was lying on a couch, indolently smoking a cigar and playing with a monkey.

Hunt got straight down to business. That unfortunate affair last night—his own ratings—it was really most regrettable. Would Senor Gomez be so kind as to overlook the episode and return the boots to Lieutenant Hunt?

Senor Gomez intended doing no such thing.

"No, no, no!" he proclaimed. "Your men, they come to my theatre, they make a mock of my actresses, they cause the rough-house. And you say, very calm, give me back the boots and we say no more. Ha! I laugh."

Senor Gomez laughed.

The men should, of course, be made to apologise, explained Lieut. Hunt. It was, indeed, sorrowful that in the excess of their admiration for the beautiful and talented senorita they had so far forgotten themselves as to toss to her tokens of their regard.

Senor Gomez replied to the effect that by no stretch of the imagination



could a shower of enormous boots hurtling through the air at the frail and defenceless form of the senorita be construed as a token of their regard. Lieutenant Hunt's Admiralty should be made to rue the day.

Lieutenant Hunt's Admiralty was desolate at the whole affair, but trusted to Senor Gomez's well-known amiability.

The amiable senor's response was to bounce from his couch to a cupboard, bring out five left-foot boots, place them on the table, stand protectively over them and—stick out his tongue at the English Lieutenant.

Lieutenant Hunt got distinctly annoyed, and the senor, suddenly looking a little anxious, pressed a bell. The door opened on two of the theatre attendants. Hunt gathered the interview was over.

Outside in the street he paused to light a cigarette and think. Turning to fling away his match, he saw he was standing outside an open window through which was visible a mutely challenging row of boots on a table.

The room was empty save for the monkey, who was engaged in giving himself a diligent wash and brush-up. And Lieutenant Hunt was smarting under the memory of the extended tongue of Senor Gomez.

Not open house-breaking, of course. Even in his present rather excited state, Hunt balked at that. But irresistibly crowding into the lieutenant's memory were innumerable stories of monkeys and coconuts. You irritated the monkey, and the monkey shied coconuts down from the tree. Could it work?

Well, it was worth trying. The sun-drenched street was empty. The heat shimmered off the paving undisturbed by any passing footstep. Hunt set down his case and made a tentative grimace at the monkey.

The monkey accorded him a friendly smirk, and resumed his curry-combing operations. Hunt tried again, with a sinking sense

## Trouble Afoot

Continued from page 7

that, on the whole, it was rather beneath the dignity of a lieutenant in His Majesty's Navy to be pulling faces at a monkey in the public street. However, there was some reward. The monkey dropped everything and regarded Hunt with interest and what appeared to be admiration. But this wasn't getting anywhere. Hunt looked about him.

There were quite a lot of small stones lying about the road, as Hunt's five erring ratings had discovered the previous night. If the monkey was going to be emulative, thought Hunt, he'd have to try other tactics. He tossed a stone gently at the monkey.

The monkey caught it with the dexterity of a Hammond. The next moment Hunt's cap had whistled to the ground, leaving him with the dazed impression that somewhere a rocket had gone off. The monkey danced up and down on the table, chattering with glee.

Hunt picked up his cap, but he did not trouble to gather any more stones. Monkeys were too initiative. No initiative—that, if you asked him, was what was wrong with monkeys.

But Hunt was fairly roused, now. When inspiration came to him, he did not stop to consider. Quickly he slipped off a shoe and flung it fairly hard at the monkey. The shoe caught the creature unexpectedly, as he was still engrossed with self-satisfaction at his stone-throwing. He flew toward the ceiling, uttering screams of horror and self-pity.

Senor Gomez rushed into the room to the rescue, caught the monkey lovingly in his arms as he was making a reluctant descent, and banged the window down.

Not a shop was open at that hour of the afternoon. Hunt had to be back on board to keep an appointment with the Captain. A hasty scheme to throw himself on the mercy of Senor Gomez was regretfully abandoned. With a vague feeling that it might make him less conspicuous, he removed his other shoe and padded swiftly back to the harbor, praying very hard indeed that his good fairy might be on duty.

His good fairy was not. The Duty Watch was fallen-in by the brow to be detailed off. The Duty P.O. called it respectfully to attention as he came on board, and Lieutenant Hunt, with a pitiable attempt at jaunty swagger in socked feet, and dangling his right shoe by its laces, past the fascinated gaze of Messrs. Brook, Davies, Dale, Wright, and Bailey.

Jim Brook got the whole lot back by the simple expedient of slipping a friendly theatre-attendant a couple of packets of cigarettes. Lieutenant Hunt's left shoe was delicately placed by some unknown hand on his cabin table, and there left for his discovery.

Any one of the five would willingly have forfeited his grog for a year to have been told how that shoe had come to be with their boots.

(Copyright)



## Guard Her Health

Health begins in childhood—and so, often, does constipation. You can keep your children free from constipation with Nyal Figen, the gentle laxative. Children like Nyal Figen, it is easy and pleasant to take—can be chewed like a lolly. Nyal Figen acts mildly yet thoroughly—without pain or discomfort. Sold by chemists everywhere. 24 tablets—1/3.

**Nyal Figen**

THE GENTLE LAXATIVE



Murine's seven special ingredients wash away all irritation and strain. Two drops of Murine in each eye, night and morning, cleanse, refresh and beautify dull, tired eyes. All Chemists.

## SUPERFLUOUS HAIRS

Remove unsightly facial hairs with the aid of "Vanix." Firstly obtain a bottle of "Vanix" and follow the simple directions. After the first few applications the hairs will become less and less noticeable, then will gradually wither as the

## "VANIX"

penetrates deeper and deeper into the hair tissue. Finally the devastating effects of "VANIX" will destroy the hairs permanently. Obtainable, price 5/11 a bottle (Post 6/4), from Hallam Pty. Ltd., 315 George St., Sydney, and All Branches; Myer Emporium, Bourke St., Melbourne; Swift's Pharmacy, 375 Little Collins St., Melbourne; C. A. Edwards, 350 Edward St., Brisbane; and Hicks Chemists, Ltd., 57 and 57A Rundle St., Adelaide.

## New Comfort for Those Who Wear FALSE TEETH

No longer does any wearer of false teeth need to be uncomfortable. FASTEETH, a new, improved powder, sprinkled on upper or lower plates keeps them firm and comfortable. No gummy, sticky, pasty taste. Deodorizes. Get FASTEETH to-day, any chemist. Refuse substitutes.



Soon . . .

Gossard too, has been doing a war job, but is gradually getting back to peace-time production, so that ALL women may once again thrill to the comfort and style of famous Gossard Foundations.

Keep asking for "MisSimplicity" and other Models at your favourite leading store—supplies are received regularly.

**THE Gossard**  
LINE OF BEAUTY

She treated me to the pictures  
-WHEN I SHOWED  
HER  
HOW...



YOU'RE A WONDER, MRS. PEARSON! HOW DO YOU MANAGE TO GET SUCH A LOVELY BRIGHT WASH OUT SO EARLY? I'LL BE SCRUBBING FOR AGES YET...

WHY, THERE'S NO NEED FOR THOSE SLOW, OLD-FASHIONED BAR SOAPS NOWADAYS, DEAR! RINSO'S CHANGED ALL THAT, LOOK I'VE A PACKET HERE...



SEE! RINSO'S SUDS ARE SO RICH AND THICK THEY GET OUT ALL THE DIRT BY THEMSELVES. THINK HOW THAT SAVES WEAR AND TEAR!



GRACIOUS! RINSO HAS MADE MY WHITES WHITER...THE COLOURED'S BRIGHTER THAN EVER, AND WE'VE FINISHED, IN TIME TO GO TO THE PICTURES!





## Neighbors share home ties

TO many parents tied to the house with young children, I recommend this sane and logical experiment.

We have two young children, and during the last three years my wife and I have been unable to go out in the evening together. There are three other families similarly placed in our street. Fathers, mothers, and children are good friends.

It was suggested to the other families that we take it in turn to mind each other's children once a fortnight. The other fathers are equally adept at answering childish questions, can stop them crying, and have a knowledge of first-aid.

The system works admirably, there is no expense and no worry.

El to A. H. Temple, 16 Goodwin St. Glen Iris, Vic.

## Inferior tobacco

WHY is the tobacco sold in Australia so inferior?

In our district in Queensland we grow some of the best tobacco in the country, but are expected to smoke the inferior quality, which is being sold at exorbitant prices.

5/- to Mr. M. Donoghue, Texas, Qld.

## Return to family life

MANY women with husbands in the forces have been earning large salaries while relatives have looked after the children.

It is time the married women, unless in poor circumstances, gave up their positions in industry and returned to their homes. We cannot hope for a return to family life while

married women are greedy for money and prefer a business to home life.

5/- to Mrs. S. Brownlow, Vermont St. Sutherland, N.S.W.

## ... And a Hank of Hair

Continued from page 4

and then I turned my head for a moment. It couldn't have been Emily—but it couldn't have been anyone else. I hadn't realised she was a stunner. Then Marilyn was saying: "There you are!" and I forgot everything else.

I don't know what we said. I don't know if Davey looked at me. I was past caring. I couldn't see anyone but Marilyn. I was even sorry for the guys who came up to ask her to dance and got turned down. One of them was a squarish guy named Jim something, and another was just a kid. I recognised his voice. The kid Dick who had called at the house the night we dined there.

We ate and danced. Then we went out in the moonlight. Then we came back. A waiter brought Marilyn a note. She read it and said: "There's no answer, Rogers," and grimaced at me and I grinned back, on top of the world. Davey wasn't at the table when Marilyn said she was going out to powder. I sat there a couple of minutes by myself and then I went out on the terrace for a breather.

It was a grand night. I walked down by the pool and round to the first tee and then back round the foraythla bank where I'd first kissed Marilyn. I don't remember my feet touching the ground. It was only when I heard her voice that I stopped.

It was Marilyn's voice all right. She was saying: "Oh, don't be a silly, Jim. His uncle is such a good friend of Dad and Mother—and he won't be here for long. I must be patriotic."

The man said something and Marilyn gave her little laugh—that cooing little laugh. "Jimmie—you're jealous. Why, Jimmie?"

I didn't have to hear that, kias. I could feel it. I drew a deep breath and walked back to the clubhouse, and all I wanted to do was to apologise to Davey.

I went inside and started up the stairs.

Davey came out of the bathroom as I opened the door. "You're quite right. A hank of hair, that's what she is," I said vehemently.

Davey whirled. "Who is?" he demanded fiercely.

"All of them," I stammered. "Marilyn Southgate in particular."

"Oh, that brat," Davey said. The anger faded from his face. It was succeeded by the oddest look. Completely goony. "Not Emily. She's an angel." He came over and took my hand and shook it. "I want to thank you. Number One. To thank you."

He dropped my paralysed finger and went out. I watched him go and I had only pity for the Old Man. Only pity.

When I came down finally I saw him dancing with Emily. You could see they didn't know there was anyone else in the world. I shook my head and went into the bar.

The bartender said: "Yes, sir," and then he said: "You know you're not allowed in here, Dick."

I swivelled my head and there was this pale, lean kid looking at me. I said: "Give him a coke, too, George."

The kid looked at me. He said: "She's heartless. That's what she is. I'm good enough to bike home with and study with when there aren't any older men round, but..."

He didn't go on and I looked at him from calm and masculine heights. I said: "Drink your coke."

He drank it. He looked at me. "I'm seventeen. Could I get into the bombers like you, sir?"

"Why sure you could," I said. I liked that "sir." I got off the stool and put my arm across his shoulder. As we left the bar I saw Marilyn dancing with this Jim guy. She left him standing in the middle of the floor and came curving over to us. "Where have you been? I've been waiting ages, Tommy, simply ages."

"Captain Brace, if you please, Miss Southgate," I said coldly, "and Dick and I are going out to talk man's business, if you'll excuse us."

I put pressure on the kid's arm and we walked away leaving Marilyn there with her mouth open. The kid looked up at me as we got outside. "That—that's the way to treat her, isn't it," he asked.

"The only way," I said. I thought sadly of Davey. "Women," I told the kid, "are a snare and a delusion. Just a rag and bone and a hank of hair."

It sounded a little familiar, but it sounded sensible, too.

(Copyright)

# What's on your mind?

## Tip to cafe owners

REPLYING to Margaret Marshall (3/11/45) I agree that women diners do leave handbags and parcels on the table, taking up all available space. Most women go to town primarily to shop, and in these days of rationing must carry their own parcels. They are additionally handicapped with handbags.

A man is provided with at least six pockets, where he can carry his tobacco, pipe, money, handkerchief, etc. He hasn't had a tiring morning dragging small children about, so can afford to look cheerful. Cafe owners should solve the problem by providing racks.

5/- to Mrs. W. Sherack, 30 Stanley St., Tempe, N.S.W.

## Retain identity cards

ONE of the best national security regulations, now abolished, was the identity card. There are many good reasons why it should have been retained.

It would be a godsend to the relatives of elderly people who suffer with blood pressure or heart trouble. If they were taken suddenly ill, their identity could be established immediately. Young people who may meet with accidents also could benefit from the card. The police could locate the sufferer's relatives with very little difficulty.

5/- to Miss A. England, 24 Bradshaw St., Woolsewin, Brisbane.

## Knowledge of diet is needed

SCIENCE has proved that many sicknesses and ailments can be attributed to the food we eat. Although many recent articles advance the theory that a better education is essential, few stress the fact that diet training should be a part of general education.

Many people, from ignorance of balanced diet or habit, put on unnecessary weight and give their digestive organs additional work. If the food we eat and the way we eat it is the means of reducing sickness, then let it be an important part of our education system.

5/- to C. F. Winter, Walterhall, Mount Morgan, Qld.

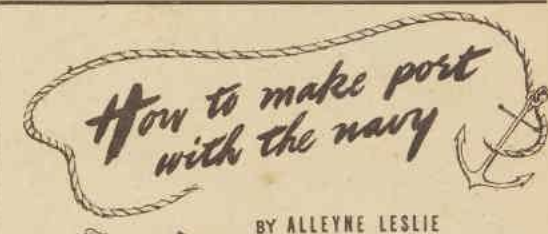
## Make-up criticised

ONLY a small percentage of women know how to use make-up.

Many use hard, artificial colors, and often completely change the shape of mouths and eyebrows; in fact, I have annoyed many of these women by telling them they look "perfect frights." Because I am a man they usually say, "What do you know about it?"

I am sure the average man will agree with me that the substitution of "plain loveliness" for "perfect fright" would greatly enhance most women.

5/- to T. Dowdell, New St., Dalby, Qld.



DON'T refer patronisingly to your Navy man's ship. It's your most serious rival, you know, and he's very proud of her.

DO praise his ship whenever you can. And, remember, a naval man's other pride! Every sailor loves a girl who's smart enough to own a luscious, well-cared for complexion. A film of Erasmic Vanishing Cream under your powder will give the velvety finish that makes all men ask: "Who is that stunning girl?" and the man say: "Angel, I didn't know anyone could be so lovely!"



DON'T try to score with your friends at the office by pretending you have inside information about the movements of your sailor's ship. It could only be a black mark against him.

DO be the soul of discretion and improve the golden moments while he's away by nightly use of Erasmic Cold Cream. Rich in smooth fine oils, it floats out dirt, makes skin soft and youthful. When he comes back, you'll have chances galore to be "the luckiest girl" with "the handsomest man" in town.



DON'T embarrass him by bringing out your compact and powdering when you're both entertaining fellow officers.

DO be ready for such occasions by looking sweet and knowing it. No worry of shiny nose if you're using Erasmic Face Powder. It holds for hours; yes, even through the close-range work most sailors like to try!

ERASMIC Beauty Products



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FOR YOUR PROTECTION

Elastoplast  
FIRST AID

SEE THE NAME

IN RED BOXES FROM CHEMISTS



*Let his Dream come True!*



**THIS CHRISTMAS**

on his very own Malvern Star, the world's super cycle, the envy of his admiring schoolmates. Remember the kick you got out of your first bicycle, Dad? Then let HIS dream come true! Nothing could give him more pleasure than a sparkling new Malvern Star at his bedside on Christmas morning. But make sure of delivery by calling in and placing your order today at any Malvern Star Branch or Agency throughout Australia.

Give him a Malvern Star for Christmas, "just like Oppy's." Think of him riding to school

**YOU'D BE BETTER ON A**  
**Malvern Star**

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SYDNEY: 730 George Street, Haymarket, and 40 Park Street. MELBOURNE: 283 Elizabeth Street. ADELAIDE: 59 Pulteney Street.

BRISBANE: 440 Queen Street and 184-190 Elizabeth Street. NEWCASTLE (N.S.W.): 541 Hunter Street. PERTH: 38-40 Forrest Place

HOBART: 95-97 Elizabeth Street.

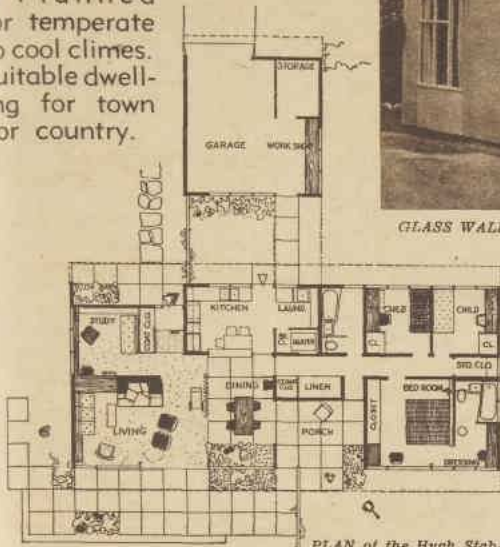
Malvern Star has established 100 Branches and 1,000 Agencies throughout Australia to provide for all your cycling requirements.



From leading  
American architect . . .

## HOUSE WITH NEW-STYLE ROOF

● Planned  
for temperate  
to cool climates.  
Suitable dwell-  
ing for town  
or country.



PLAN of the Hugh Stubbins, fun, house, a scale model of which is shown above and at right,



GLASS WALLS make possible and practical such charming features as the indoor-outdoor garden shared here by terrace and dining-room.—Pictures by courtesy "Ladies' Home Journal" and U.S. Office of War Information.



THEY LIKE IT. New Yorkers viewing the scale model at a recent housing exhibition in New York City.



ANOTHER CLOSE-UP of the house. It was one of twelve exhibited by the "Ladies' Home Journal."



*Gay...*  
as a girlish wish . . .

To be gay you must be free from worry—worry about anything, including your face powder. Delightful Three Flowers Face Powder stays on longer without the worry of frequent powder "touch-ups" . . . Soft and light, Three Flowers smoothes on evenly over your complexion like a misty veil—doesn't cake, streak or "dust-off." The selection of beautiful colour-blended shades ensures a choice in complete harmony with your complexion . . . Next time you buy face powder ask for Three Flowers—the favorite of thousands.

RICHARD HUDNUT: LONDON, NEW YORK, SYDNEY

**three flowers**  
FACE POWDER, CREAMS, LIPSTICK, ROUGE

"Beauty is your Duty"

*I*N addition to a revolutionary departure in roofline construction, this house embraces other features of interest to homemakers.

First priority is given in the planning to ease of child care, food preparation and serving. Note also separated areas for dining, study, and relaxation; abundance of indoor daylight.

Here is what the architectural editor of the "Ladies' Home Journal" has to say:

I shall first explain the unusual roof, in case you are curious. As you see, the lines slope downward from the sides to the centre—but not just to be different.

For one thing, this treatment does away with all gutters and downspouts, which clog, overflow, or freeze in cold zones, causing upkeep and concern. Here, instead, all water runs to the middle and is carried off through inside drainpipes near each end of the house.

Then, too, this type of inward-sloping roof is easier and cheaper to build than any other system—giving greater strength at less expense. In fact, "easier" is the promise that houses like this make to you from roof to foundation, and easier, in this case, means cheaper as well.

That promise, of course, can be realised only if the new building methods, on which houses like this are based, become harnessed to full-quantity mass production in both manufacture and erection; which in turn can happen only if and when the building industry can count on consumer acceptance.

The planning, as you will notice, gives first priority to the ease of child care, food preparation and serving.

Notice, too, how the pleasure of family living is promoted. For what is actually a space of moderate size has been so arranged that it provides separated areas for dining, study, and relaxation, but without creating a cluster of little rooms.

By using glass instead of small-windowed walls on the sunny sheltered side, the whole living space gets full vision to out-of-doors; with abundant indoor daylight, eyestrain is finally eliminated; and winter warmth in daytime is provided free of charge by the sun.

**Silmyra**  
crepe-de-chine

for your lingerie . . .

Lingerie of Silmyra

crepe-de-chine is a sheer delight.

With a range of soft pastel shades and delicate prints to choose from, Silmyra enables you to create lingerie with an air of distinction. Choose Silmyra and combine quality with wise economy.



and for baby and children's clothes

The sheer quality, and the delightful pastel shades of Silmyra, make it ideal, too, for baby and children's clothes.

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Look for the Imprint Silmyra Fabrics on the Selvedge.  
**SILMYRA FABRICS SILMYRA FABRICS**



# Convalescing at "SUNNYSIDE"



PATIENTS ENJOY EVERY HELPING OF THOSE BIG GOLDEN KELLOGG'S CORN FLAKES. EVERY PLATEFUL IS JUST CRAMMED WITH THE NOURISHMENT THEY NEED!



When you serve these delicious big Kellogg's Corn Flakes for breakfast, you can sit back and watch the whole family dive in. And while the milk and sugar are passing round, remember that nothing else can touch these big, golden Corn Flakes for flavour and energy value.

Listen in to "MARTIN'S CORNER"







**SUMMER PLATTER** . . . tomato juice, jellied and set in recess tin . . . cream cheese balls rolled in chopped walnuts . . . club eggs, stuffed with minced corned mutton, pounded with yolks . . . iced papaw and cress.



By **OLWEN FRANCIS**

Food and Cookery Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly

**LIGHT** menus . . . more salads . . . cold sweets . . . long, frosted drinks.

If the refrigerator is still a dream of your future make the most of cool mutes, keeping sides dripping wet and standing safe in the draughtiest spot available.

These meals are guaranteed to interest any weather-jaded palate:

Lamb and Celery Souffle  
Salted Potato Crisps  
Cheesed Tomato Halves  
Soft Gingerbread with  
Frosted Apple Sauce  
Iced Coffee.

#### LAMB AND CELERY SOUFFLE

One and a half cups thick white sauce, 2 eggs, 1 cup celery, 1½ cups minced cooked lamb, 1 teaspoon minced onion, pinch grated nutmeg. Beat egg-yolks into hot white sauce. Add celery, lamb, onion, and nutmeg. Fold in stiffly beaten egg-whites. Turn into greased

oven dish and bake in moderate oven (350deg. F.) 30 to 40 minutes. Serve at once. For four.

#### SOFT GINGERBREAD

Three cups plain flour, 2 teaspoons ground ginger, 1 teaspoon mixed spice, 1 teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, 2 tablespoons shortening (margarine or dripping), 2 tablespoons brown sugar, 1 egg, 1 cup treacle, 1 cup milk, 1 teaspoon grated orange or lemon rind.

Sift flour, ginger, spice, and soda. Rub in shortening and add sugar. Beat the egg, treacle, milk, and lemon rind together, and pour into dry ingredients, mixing well. Pour into two greased bar-tins or swiss-roll tin and bake in a moderate oven (350deg. F.) for 30 to 40 minutes.

#### Tomato Jelly

Nutty Cream Cheese Balls  
Club Eggs  
Salad Greens  
Melba Toast  
Mulberry Cheese Cakes  
Coffee

#### TOMATO JELLY

Three cups tomato juice, diluted with cold water to taste, 1 tablespoon Worcestershire sauce or to taste, pepper and salt, 1½ tablespoons gelatine, 2 tablespoons cold water. Combine tomato juice and seasonings. Soften gelatine in cold water, dissolve over boiling water, stir into tomato juice, mixing well. Turn into wetted mould to set.

#### MULBERRY CHEESE CAKES

Four ounces short pastry, 1½ cups stewed mulberries, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, 3 tablespoons self-raising flour, 1 dessertspoon butter, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 egg, 1-3rd cup milk.

Line patty-tins, about 1 dozen, with pastry. Combine mulberries, lemon rind and juice and place in patty-cases. Sift flour, rub in fat, add sugar, and mix to a soft consistency with beaten egg and milk. Spoon cake mixture on to mulberries. Bake in hot oven (400deg. F.) for 7 minutes; reduce heat to moderate (350deg. F.), and cook a further 7 to 10 minutes.

Ragout of Sharp Steak  
New Potatoes  
Side Salad of Cress and Carrot Straws  
Blackberry Plummary  
with Custard Sauce  
Coffee

#### RAGOUT OF SHARP STEAK

One pound round steak, 1 tablespoon dripping, 1 tablespoon flour, 1 pint water, 2 tablespoons vinegar, 1 tablespoon chopped shallot, pinch allspice, pepper and salt.

Cut meat into small pieces. Brown in hot fat. Remove from pan. Stir in flour, brown, stir in water and

vinegar. Add shallot and season with allspice, pepper and salt. Add meat, cover tightly, and cook very slowly for 1½ hours. New potatoes may be added to the ragout 20 to 30 minutes before serving. Sprinkle with chopped parsley. For three to four.

#### BLACKBERRY PLUMMARY

One tablespoon flour, 1½ cups blackberry syrup strained from

cooked fruit, 1 tablespoon gelatine, juice and rind of 1 orange and 1 lemon, 1 cup stewed blackberries.

Blend flour with little of the syrup. Dissolve gelatine in the heated syrup, stir in flour and bring to boil. Cool slightly and add orange and lemon rind and juices. When cold, whisk until beginning to thicken, and then add the berries. Chill and serve with cream or custard.

## REFRIGERATOR REMINDERS

**DEFOST** regularly — time, according to type. Don't allow ice tray-container to become too heavily frosted.

Empty ice-cube trays every two or three days.

Only three-quarters fill ice-cube containers.

Try lemon-flavored ice-cubes for iced tea.

Do not overcrowd, but leave room for circulation of air round dishes.

Do not keep in refrigerator foods that will keep quite safely on pantry shelves. Dripping need not be kept in refrigerator.

Peas and beans may be prepared as for cooking and stored in covered jars.

Salad greens should be picked over and washed, and kept in covered container.

Keep all food covered. Strong-smelling foods must be covered very securely, and kept at bottom of the refrigerator.

Milk should be kept in covered bottles, not in jugs.

Soup stock should be kept in jars. Butter should be kept in covered glass-container, removing first from paper.

Don't put hot foods into refrigerator.

Pastry and biscuit mixtures may be prepared beforehand, wrapped in greaseproof paper, and stored uncooked in refrigerator. Restore to room temperature before using.

Do not store baked pastries, cakes, or biscuits in refrigerators, or they will become sodden and heavy.

Restore chilled meat to room temperature before cooking.

Do not overchill sweet or savory jellies; they may lose flavor and become leathery.

A chilled sweet usually requires more flavoring.

Bananas must not be stored in refrigerator; apples tend to lose flavor in refrigerator.

When banana is incorporated in ice-cream or chilled sweet, use quickly. It does not keep.

Avoid strong-smelling soaps when cleaning refrigerator.



SERVING AUSTRALIA  
IN PEACE AND WAR



## "TO THE GULF OF CARPENTARIA"

"On the 20th August, 1860, the long train of camels and horses set forth from the Royal Park of Melbourne, Burke leading the procession on a little grey horse. The Mayor made a short speech, wishing him God-speed; the explorers shook hands with their friends, and, amid the ringing cheers of thousands of spectators, the long and picturesque line moved forward."

Thus according to the historians A. & G. Sutherland, began the Burke and Wills' expedition, one of the most spectacular, but ill-fated, in the annals of Australian Exploration. The expedition was prompted by the offer of £1000 by a Melbourne merchant, and financed by the Royal Society of Victoria who raised subscriptions of £3400, plus a grant of £6000 by the Victorian Government, "who also spent £5000 in bringing twenty-six camels from Arabia."

Of the four men who made the alternate dash to the Gulf—Burke, Wills, Grey and King—only King survived through the friendliness of blacks for whom "he shot some birds and cured their chief of a malady."

History does not tell whether Burke and Wills carried with them supplies of Swallow & Ariell Biscuits, although Swallow & Ariell Ship's Biscuits were a recognised store of the day. But at that time, Swallow & Ariell was already a solidly-established organisation, employing a staff of some 300 operatives.

# SWALLOW & ARIELL

LIMITED

LEADERS IN THE BISCUIT INDUSTRY SINCE 1854

HASTING AID OF THE FAMOUS SWALLOW & ARIELL PLUM PUDDING, CANDY, AND ICE CREAM



Men are Quick to Appreciate  
**Rosella**

OVER 100  
PURE FOODS

The palate responds  
to the flavour...

A delightful appeal is carried by that name "Rosella." Men acknowledge that it stands for natural flavour, genuine quality and all that is best in Sauces and Chutneys, Jams and Jellies, Pickles and other favourites, all of which will be obtainable again in the regular quantities, but are today going to the Forces.

CERTIFIED FOR QUALITY



FRESH FRUIT should be eaten every day in the interests of radiant health and beauty. The girl above, with the pineapple, is lovely Jinx Falkenberg, Columbia star.

Recipes with a

## CHRISTMAS FLAVOR...

Judging by the recipes entered in this week's contest home-makers are thinking in terms of a real Christmas festival.

A CHOICE frozen pudding with brandy butter captures the first prize.

This hard sauce is also delicious with the traditional hot pudding.

The hot recipe for Christmas pudding is a rich, luscious mixture, made only once a year.

Watch during the next week or two for inexpensive fruit puddings made at the last minute.

These rich mixtures, puddings and mince-meat will keep almost indefinitely if stored correctly.

### FROZEN CHRISTMAS PUDDING

One level tablespoon powdered gelatine, 1 cup water, 1 cup milk, 4oz. cake chocolate (or 3 tablespoons cocoa mixed to a smooth paste), 1 teaspoon vanilla, 1 cup seeded raisins, 1 cup chopped dates, 1 cup currants or sultanas, 1 cup chopped nuts, pinch salt, 1 cup sugar, 2 egg-whites.

Dissolve gelatine in water. Heat milk and fruit in double saucepan. When hot add melted chocolate and then gelatine, sugar, and salt. Remove from fire, and when mixture begins to set add vanilla, chopped nuts, and lastly fold in stiffly beaten egg-whites. Turn into wet mould decorated with raisins and nuts. Put on ice or in refrigerator. Turn out to serve, and serve with cream or brandy butter.

Brandy Butter.—Cream 4oz. butter and 4oz. fine sugar. Add 6 tablespoons brandy, beating constantly. Set in flat tin lined with paper. Chill and serve in cubes or fancy shapes with pudding.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. M. Le Mesurier, 62 Cook Road, Centennial Park, N.S.W.

### OLD ENGLISH MINCE PIES

Filling: 3 lemons, 3 apples, 1lb. suet, 3oz. mixed lemon and orange peel, 1lb. seeded raisins, 1lb. currants, 1lb. brown sugar, 2 tablespoons orange marmalade, 2 tablespoons brandy (may be omitted).

Pastry: 1lb. plain flour, pinch salt, 3oz. butter, 3oz. lard, water.

Scrub lemons and slice and boil two in enough water to cover until tender. Peel and core apples, and bake or steam until tender. Combine lemon pulp, grated rind, and juice of remaining lemon, apple pulp, finely grated suet, chopped candied peel, seeded raisins, currants, sugar, marmalade, and brandy.

Seal in jar, storing for 14 days before using. Make a flaky pastry, with flour, lard and butter. Line small tins or one large tin with pastry. Fill with mixture, top with



FIRST BIRTHDAY party setting. Inviting, isn't it? Note the ribboned cake, the spicy sponge, and wafer sandwiches. Little Ann will probably be given a rush as her share of party fare.

pastry. Slicing hole in centre, glaze and bake in hot oven (450deg. F.) for 10 to 20 minutes. Serve hot or cold, dusted with icing sugar.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. O. Thomson, Rosemead, Moonta, S.A.

### CHRISTMAS PUDDING

Half pound each raisins, sultanas, currants, brown sugar, minced suet, flour, soft breadcrumbs; 1lb. mixed peel, juice and rind of a lemon, 1 medium-sized grated carrot, 2oz. blanched chopped almonds, 6 eggs,

1 teaspoon mixed spice, 1 teaspoon ground ginger, 1 teaspoon each salt, nutmeg, pinch cloves, level teaspoon carb. soda, 1 cup of either brandy, sherry, ale, or milk.

Sift flour, spices, soda. Mix in suet, prepared fruit, breadcrumbs, carrot, nuts, lemon juice, and then beaten eggs and liquid. Mix well. Steam in prepared basin for 7 hours, cooking further 2 hours before serving.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. Elizabeth Marcel, 20 Barry St., St. Kilda, Vic.





# The whitest wash is Persil-white...



## -and the **BRIGHTEST** **COLOURED** are **Persil-bright**



**E**VERYONE knows there's no white quite like *Persil-white*. And you'll be just as pleased the first time you use Persil for your "coloured" wash. Through and through the fabric go those active, dirt-rousing suds—gently coaxing out the grime. Not some of it... not most of it... but **ALL** of it! Your frocks and blouses come up like new because there's no dirt left behind to spoil the lovely colours. Use Persil for everything you wash—there's nothing safer!





★  
**LONG**  
*curling*  
**LASHES**  
in  
**30 DAYS!**

**MARVELLOUS** new discovery! —makes eyelashes and eyebrows actually grow! Now as never before you can positively have long, curling, silken lashes and beautiful, wonderful eyebrows. No matter how scant your eyelashes and brows, Le Charme Eyelash Grower will increase their length and thickness in 30 days.

**Le Charme**  
**EYELASH GROWER**

**Thousands of Women Prove It!**

—prove beyond doubt that this astounding new discovery fringes the eyes with long, curling, natural lashes —makes eyebrows lovely, silken lines.

**RESULTS EVIDENT**  
**IN ONE WEEK**

In one week—often in a day or so—you see the lashes become more beautiful, like silken fringes! Remember—this guarantees you satisfactory results in 30 days or your money refunded in full.

Make up your eyes correctly, and you will be overjoyed with the added beauty you will gain. If unsatisfactory from your Chemist or Store, 2/6 Post Free from Box 2226, G.P.O., Sydney.



**He'll live—helped by the fabrics you didn't have!**

Another brave man is being helped back to life, thanks to the medical corps. But how would he have fared if doctors and nurses had lacked equipment?

At home in Britain, we had to see that supply lines were fed with the things they had to have. For instance machinery that normally makes Tootal products was turned over to making various kinds of hospital needs. And there are other calls—the fighting services and people in liberated countries need the materials we can make. You'll see why we could only make a few fashion fabrics for you.

Soon we hope to produce all the Tootal fabrics you want—particularly the long-awaited Tobralco. Meanwhile, there will be small supplies of Lombardia, Tootoile and Tootina—branded 'Tebilized' for tested crease-resistance. All these fabrics carry the Tootal Guarantee: their names are Trade Marks.

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## Rendezvous With Death

Continued from page 5

**C**OLOR rushed to Essie's face. "Who said anything about a vase?" she demanded.

"Do you want to make a statement?"

"No, I don't. And what's more, I'm not going to answer any more questions. I'm not going to stand another minute of this interrogation."

William laid a hand on her arm. "Essie, Essie!"

She shook it off. "I'm not going to have the police forcing their way in here at all hours of the day and night!"

Manning's pencil dropped with a clatter. His mouth fell open.

"I refuse to see them. I'll get a lawyer. He can answer for me."

William said again: "Essie, what is all this about? What vase?"

Grogan said: "Miss Breen came in here—about a week ago, it was—and found a valuable vase belonging to her in the kitchen here."

"Belonging to her?"

"That's right. She'd lost it."

"And you say it was found here in my wife's possession?"

"Yes. The deceased accused Miss Ashworth of taking it, threatened to send for the police if she didn't admit it and apologise."

William looked stunned. "Is this true, Essie?"

"Yes." The monosyllable seemed forced out of her. "Yes—at least it's true that the mad old fool accused me of taking her silly Vienna vase, but it was a lie. Of course I didn't take it."

"But it was in here, was it? She found it here?"

"Yes." She stood defensively against the white wall.

"Then how did it get in here?"

William questioned.

"I don't know—at least, I told her how I thought it did. Miss Krausz must have brought it in by accident. She was working for us both."

William looked inquiringly at Grogan.

The inspector shook his head. "Not possible. The vase was missed the day Miss Breen moved into Beresford Court. Miss Russell confirms that. She unpacked it and left it in the hall. The front door was open."

"Look here, Inspector, I don't like that remark! I don't like it at all." William came a step nearer. "Are you seriously suggesting that my wife passed the door of a neighbor's flat and actually crept in and pinched some piece of Dresden china or something? It's intolerable; it's outrageous! You'll have to take back that suggestion."

Grogan looked at him coolly. He said: "It's up to Miss Ashworth."

"And please call my wife Mrs. Scott."

"It's up to Mrs. Scott to explain how Miss Breen's vase came into her possession."

"Naturally, of course," William stammered. "I've—I've no doubt she can . . . when she really thinks it over." He looked at Essie imploringly.

"I can't . . . I can't . . ." Her eyes never left Grogan's face. "Anyhow," she said slowly, "anyhow, let the vase alone. I couldn't have killed her if I'd wanted to."

"Oh? Why couldn't you, Miss Ashworth?"

"Because Commander Curtis was in here last night . . . all the time that—that it was happening." She shot a look at William now.

He drew his breath sharply, like a man getting under an icy shower. But he took it on the chin. He said: "There, you see, Inspector, my wife has an alibi. That's the whole point, isn't it? And this vase business is extraneous."

"That's all very well. That's what she says now. But last night when he said he was in here she denied that he was—any time during the evening."

"Last night I had to," Essie cried.

"That suburban cat, his wife . . . I didn't dare admit it."

"I see. So you admit this quarrel with Miss Breen, but you deny taking the vase, and you say you don't know how it got here, and you now claim an alibi with Commander Curtis? Is that how it is?"

"Yes."

William repeated it: "Yes. And I hope this settles the whole matter. In fact I don't see that you've got any need to question her further. As she says, if you don't leave her alone the best thing would be for her to get a lawyer."

Grogan halted on the way to the door. "Of course she can get a lawyer if she wants to. If she thinks her case is weak enough to need one."

William closed the door behind the two detectives harder than necessary.

"If she thinks her case is weak enough! I'll have that dick struck off the rolls or unfrocked or whatever they do to policemen!"

Essie turned on him. "Oh, leave him alone, William! He's only doing his duty. He can't prove I did it."

His mouth fell open. "Essie . . . can't prove it!" he stammered.

She flung her bag and gloves across the room and faced him furiously.

"You great big silly fool!" she screamed. "What do you mean? Do you think I went about sticking knives into the old cat? She is! She is!"

"Darling . . . don't . . ." He tried to take her in his arms. "Of course you didn't. I know you didn't, Essie, you'll make yourself ill . . ."

But Essie had given way with fine abandon and plenty of tears. It took him quite a time to calm her down and get her to fix up her face again so they could go out to lunch.

On the landing they met Marjorie, slim and boyish in white, with a book under her arm. She had been down by the seawall trying to read. But the printed page wouldn't make

sense, and she had just sat staring out across the water. She turned away her head and pretended not to see Essie and William as she felt in her pocket for her key. Without a glance Essie went forward and pressed the lift button.

William didn't like this atmosphere. With the naïveté of someone who thinks that words can heal wounds, he said: "Now surely you two girls aren't going to quarrel over this affair?"

Marjorie said over her shoulder: "I don't wish to discuss it, thank you."

"Good gracious, Marjorie, what a fuss to make just because Owen had a bit of supper with Essie last night." She wheeled round on him. "Last night she said she hadn't. She said she didn't see Owen."

"Well, now she says she did. She was flummoxed last night. She got nervous. Though heaven knows it was harmless enough. You know, Marjorie, we've got to make allowances, you and I. We've got to remember that my wife and your husband are two very attractive people." He saw her jaw stiffen. He'd said the wrong thing!

There was venom in her smile. "Oh, the police have been talking to her, have they? I expect she finds it necessary to claim an alibi with somebody now." She opened her door and went quickly inside.

In the flat across the landing Nora was sorting typescript and putting it into a case—the sheets of Miss Breen's last book: "Wildflowers in the West Country." Her fingers shook the chapters into place. How far removed from murder!

Up to now newspapers had been her closest acquaintance with crime, but now its stifling atmosphere was folding round each one of them—the Curtis, the Scotts, Bob, Leith, herself. . . .

A sound made her look up. Bob was standing in the doorway. "This is a break. I didn't know you were here alone."

"They've finished their search and said I could come in and get her book."

He came toward her. Her eyes rested on his tall khaki-clad figure. How strong and sure of himself he looked this morning.

"Poor old Miss Breen," he said. "What'll happen to the book?"

"I don't know. Everything will go to England to her executors."

She looked so pale, so forlorn, so young, and scared. He strode across the room, and his arms went round her. "Nora, do you love me? Why won't you ever say?"

She looked up at him. Close to him now she saw that for all that he was only twenty-five there were small lines round his hazel-green eyes. That was war, she thought—strain and danger, facing up to death and coming back to life.

She said: "Don't ask me that. Don't talk about it to-day, Bob."

"Why not?"

"How can one think about love to-day, here . . ." Her voice dropped to a whisper.

"I'm not being callous, darling. I know how you feel. But life goes on." His face was close to hers.

Her hands on his chest pushed him away. "No, Bob . . . please go away and leave me."

He didn't try to hold her. "All right, sweetheart, I'll go." He lifted her hand and glanced at the watch on her wrist. "I've got a medical board in half an hour, anyhow. You'll be here when I come back, won't you?"

"I don't know. I don't know anything to-day."

He went out.

Now she was alone again and the thought started drumming afresh in her brain. Neither Bob nor Leith needed money.

Bob's people had one of the wealthiest sheep stations in the north-west and Leith was a junior partner in his father's old-established law firm. Nora knew these things. But she wasn't so ignorant of life that she didn't also know that certain types of men want everybody's—anybody's—money. Money and more money. Never enough.

Please turn to page 39



**Did you MACLEAN your teeth to-day?**



Yes, it's a sound scheme!

Maclean your teeth every morning and every night . . . that's the way to make and keep your teeth sparkling white. Maclean's Toothpaste has a most pleasant flavour . . . it tones up the gums and leaves the mouth clean and refreshed.

1/1½ and 1/7½ per tube

**MACLEANS**  
**TOOTH PASTE**  
"British to the teeth"



**FLIES!**  
**DIE!**  
**FLY-TOX**  
Containing D.D.T.  
KILLS ALL INSECTS QUICKLY

**Simple Way To Lift**  
**Corns Right Out**

No Excuse for Cutting Corns.

Tender corns, tough corns, or soft corns can now be safely lifted out with the finger-tips, thanks to Frozol-Ice, says grateful user.

Only a few drops of Frozol-Ice, the new-type antiseptic treatment, which you can get from any chemist, is ample to free one's feet from every corn or callus without hurting. This wonderful and safe remover stops pain quickly, and does not spread on to surrounding healthy tissue. Frozol-Ice is a boon to corn-burdened men and women.

**Your Dog**  
If your dog's coat is dull or loose— if he is listless or won't eat— give him BARKO Condition Powder. Searching is often a sign of Eczema. Give BARKO Condition Powder and a daily BARKO Bath. 1/4 ALL CHEMISTS. Lotion to affected parts.

**ENSIGN**  
**TIES**  
**THE BEST**  
**WOMEN**  
CONFIDENTIALLY, there's no need to suffer those acute periodic pains and discomforts. Women who know just take a simple Midene tablet to water and avoid being a misery to themselves and to others.  
Price, 1/- per box. Sufficient for several months.



**QUALITY**  
HAS NOT BEEN  
RATIONED!



ALWAYS LOOK FOR THE NAME

**MORLEY**  
ON UNDERWEAR

**"NERVY"?  
"IRRITABLE"?**

If you find yourself "flaring up" at home or at your work over things that don't really matter, it's a sure sign that you must take steps at once to re-build the resources of energy upon which you may be making such heavy calls each day or night. To throw off quickly the effects of war strain, domestic or business worries, all you need is WINCARNIS, the natural tonic wine that fortifies the nerves and brain. WINCARNIS is blended from choice wines and two kinds of strengthening vitamins. Many thousands of recommendations from medical men prove how WINCARNIS brings back the alertness of health. You'll feel brighter in mind and stronger in body with the first glass of WINCARNIS. It is the "No-Waiting Tonic." Ask your chemist for WINCARNIS and face the future confidently.

**Quick  
HEMORRHOID  
Relief**

Dr. Leonhardt's Vaeuoid is guaranteed to relieve any form of hemorrhoid (pile) misery, or money back. It gives quick action even in old, stubborn cases. Vaeuoid is a harmless tablet that treats blood congestion in the lower bowel—the cause of hemorrhoids (piles). It brings joyful relief quickly and safely or costs nothing. Chemists everywhere sell Vaeuoid with this money-back guarantee.

VACUOID

SOME SOUND ADVICE FROM HILDA HOUSEWIFE

"The Ideal Mate for your  
Gas Stove" is

THE MATCHLESS  
**'FIREFLY'**  
GAS LIGHTER!



Each flick of the trigger gives a certain light and there are hundreds of flicks before a new flint is necessary. With a "Firefly" Gas Lighter you save labour . . . expense . . . and banish "dead" matches in the kitchen. Remember—the "Firefly" never fails.

**POPE**

PRODUCT  
FROM THE  
KITCHEN UTILITY DIVISION



"PASADENA," the lovely home of Mr. Tom Price, of Gooseberry Hills, Kalamunda, Western Australia. The garden covers one and a half acres.



MR. PRICE in his beloved garden, showing a magnificent hedge of rondoletia in full bloom. Sixteen years ago this garden was virgin bush.

**GARDEN GLORY**

● A small stream, dammed to form a series of miniature waterfalls, and with fern-lined banks, is among the many beauties of the wonderful garden made from virgin bush by Mr. Tom Price, Kalamunda, Western Australia.

—Says OUR HOME GARDENER

I VISITED this show place of the west recently, and went prepared to be surprised, and found myself astounded by its sheer loveliness, tidiness, and aesthetic conception.

Sixteen years ago, when 65, Mr. Price retired after a lifetime spent in fruit growing. He bought a lovely hillside covered with big timber and low scrub, bordering the roadway, and to-day has one of the finest gardens in Western Australia.

I saw it after a season favored by 47 inches of rain—a record for the State within living memory.

And I saw a Lorraine Lee climbing rose planted ten years ago which had a stem 6 in. in diameter, and many other twining limbs from 3 in. to 4 in. covered with red buds, giving promise of a wonderful flowering flush.

I was introduced to Loropetalum chinensis, a lovely shrub bearing peculiar yellowish, tassel-like flowers, sweetly scented and carried in profusion on flat cypress-like branches.

Callistemon speciosus waved huge, red bottle-brushes at me from a fair height, and Leptospermum keiskei (a lovely, red-flowered tea-tree) simply winked at me from ten thousand floral eyes.

From ancient China came Ulmus chinensis, a weeping, small-leaved elm, the trailing branches of which almost touched the ground from a tall, straight trunk. As a central lawn specimen requiring a lot of room, I have seen nothing finer.

Huge hedges of rondoletia in full

bloom skirted the gravelled roads and pathways, some of the shrubs standing fully 15 ft.

For an hour I roamed about this splendidly designed acre and a half of floral wealth. Giant cotoneasters, pyracanthas, and many other bushes with red and orange berries towered above, while dionas, chortemas, and many other western native flowers helped to paint the lower landscape and added much to my enjoyment of an altogether unexpected kaleidoscopic scene.

The creek which flowed through the garden had been an unconscious salesman of the land, Mr. Price told me. He had taken one look at the stream, and the true spirit of the gardening pioneer had awakened.

He dammed it several times, making miniature waterfalls, turhelled it to run under the site of a tennis court, and planted the banks with tree-ferns from the east. Other water lovers have become established and the banks are now a mass of ferns of all kinds.

Podalyria, in the full flush of their pink-purple floral harvest, relieved the green masses of later flowering shrubs.

Great roses almost ready to burst into bloom stood in beds that were weedless, and I was astounded to learn that for over two and a half years no help had been available—the entire work having been done by this 81-year-old son of the soil.

**Preparing for summer**

By SISTER JACOB

THE summer season has many advantages—long, sunny days, bathing, more out-of-doors life.

It also has disadvantages, especially for the mother who is bottle-feeding a young baby. During the hottest months of the year she faces problems in the feeding and care of her little one.

Skin rashes often appear in the hot weather, and many adjustments to diet, clothes, and cot-clothes have to be made for baby's comfort and safety.

A leaflet giving hints on how best to meet these hot weather troubles can be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, 6th Floor, Scottish House, 12 Bridge Street, Sydney, and a copy will be forwarded if a request with a stamped addressed envelope is sent to the above address.

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# MASONITE gives you a 3 in 1 Room

A NEW IDEA  
FOR HOME  
APARTMENT HOUSE OR  
SEASIDE BUNGALOW

The present limitations on home-building mean that we must design with two main factors in mind (1) full utilisation of every cubic foot of space (2) provision for future extensions. On to-day's costs, and with current limitations, it is impossible to build a home of a standard with which most of us would be likely to remain permanently satisfied. It becomes essential, therefore, to apply thought and ideas to every cubic foot of space. Masonite publishes this idea of the 3-in-1-room as an encouragement to such thought.



A LIVING ROOM



A DINING ROOM

## THE LIVING ROOM

Above you see the 3-in-1-room as a living room. The beds and the dining table are folded away into the right-hand wall, the floor is of 3/16in. Masonite Tempered Presdwood... the steel-strong, wear-defying hardboard which, besides being inexpensive, is easy to apply. The cupboards are of Masonite Presdwood (3/16in. or 1/4in.) lacquered or enamelled to harmonise with the general colour scheme of the room.

The illustrations and the plan below make the idea of the 3-in-1-room quite clear. It is a scheme whereby comfortable living can be assured for two people who, later on, may plan to add bedrooms and convert the bed-cavities into bookshelves or cupboards, and so provide a spacious living room for the completed home.



## AND A MASONITE STORAGE WALL

This sketch shows how one entire wall of the living room becomes a "Storage Wall" accommodating essential household goods and chattels. You'll find Masonite Presdwood the ideal material for this ingenious, practical, space-saving idea.

A BED ROOM



## THE DINING ROOM

When mealtime approaches a neat, Masonite-topped table swings out from its recess all ready for the *tete a tete* or for any larger gathering. When its presence is no longer a convenience—back it goes into its hide-out and remains out of sight and out of mind.

## THE BED ROOM

As with the dining table, so with the beds. They're there when you want them, but they never intrude. You'll do well to discuss the Masonite 3-in-1-room with your architect. It will help to solve many a living problem for you until the day when normal building can be resumed. Remember—Masonite Tempered Presdwood for the floors, Masonite Presdwood for the cupboards, Masonite Temptrile for the bathroom.



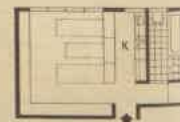
PRESDWOOD

TEMPERED PRESDWOOD

TEMPTRILE

## PLAN FOR A 1946 HOME

This plan suggests one way in which the 3-in-1-room can be fitted into a "minimum" house designed for future extensions (extra bedrooms and possibly a separate dining area, etc., when restrictions are lifted). In the kitchen Masonite cupboards line the two long walls above and below working surfaces. The bathroom is lined throughout with Masonite Temptrile.



A product of the Masonite Corporation (Aust.) Ltd., Southern Sales Division: 529 Collins St., Melbourne. Northern Sales Division: 369 Pitt St., Sydney.



# Rendezvous With Death

Continued from page 36

SUDDENLY in the still room she seemed to hear Miss Breen's voice: "I think you'll find that lobster the way you like it, Bob. This is your favorite cocktail, Leith. My two Diggers . . ."

Nora glanced up quickly. Leith had come in and was standing watching her.

His face lit up. "I thought Bob was here."

"He was, but he's gone off to his medical board."

"Good! Fine!" He came right in and sat down beside her.

"What luck—finding you here like this! I'm going to celebrate by kissing you."

"No, Leith. Please . . ."

But his arms were round her and he was kissing her.

She struggled away from him. He said, with half a smile: "All right, darling, that's the last time you'll push me away."

"What do you mean?"

"You're going to love me, Nora."

"Who said so?"

"The stars."

"Pity they didn't tell you that I'm too busy to talk to you this morning. Too busy and too horrified at what's happened."

His face clouded.

"It's grim," he said. "It's certainly very grim."

Silence hung for a minute between them. The presence of the murdered woman seemed to fill this silence, asking for justice, asking to be avenged.

The ghost vanished with Grogan's solid form in the doorway.

Leith drew back and lighted a cigarette. He said, blowing smoke round him: "I'm going out, Inspector. Unless you want to see me again about anything?"

Grogan's blue-grey eyes scanned him. "That's all right, Mr. Henderson. I know where to find you if I want you."

"Meaning the police can always put their hand on one's shoulder?"

The Inspector smiled genially.

"That's just what I do mean, too."

Leith went out, shutting the door behind him.

Suddenly Grogan said: "Well, Miss Russell, have you found out yet which of your boy-friends had that money from Miss Breen?"

Quick color rushed up into her face but she lied bravely: "No, because—"

"because I don't believe either of them did. And, in any case, how does it connect up with the murder?"

"Why, there's more murders for money than any other reason. Maybe that's what a girl like yourself can't realise."

She said irritably, fiddling with things on the desk: "Oh, of course, I know that. But that's just it. If a man's taking money from a woman he doesn't want to murder her."

He beamed on her. "Well now, that's just what I said to myself till I found that on the last cheque he'd added a nought to the five."

"Added a nought to the five?"

"Yes. She thought she was giving him five pounds, but he really cashed it for fifty."

The room gave a heave.

She dropped into the chair at the desk.

Grogan went out on to the landing and called up to Manning, who was on the roof: "Hey, Les, come here a jiff."

Manning followed him into Flat 93. The rooms had the casual disorder of a place where men on leave are taking things easy. Grogan looked round for a radio. There wasn't one. He gave a short nod, then

went in and threw himself down on the bed in the bedroom overlooking the green.

Manning looked at him stolidly.

"What's the game?"

"Look, son, go into the other three flats on this floor and turn on the radio."

"All at once?"

"No. One after the other. Shut the doors after you."

Manning went into each flat and let loose the air. Dance music, a speech on democracy, the same dance music again came out at him. After a minute or two he shut them off and went back to Flat 94.

Grogan was lying on the bed in the other bedroom now.

"O.K.?" Manning asked, with faint haughtiness.

"O.K.," Grogan said, rising to his feet. It gave him a mild amusement to see the look of mystification in Manning's bulging eyes.

The atmosphere of murder hung persistently round the ninth floor that day. It met Essie and William when they returned late that afternoon. Essie was nervous and talkative, keeping up too brittle a front.

She got out drinks and sent William over for Nora and Bob and Leith. She stripped off her dress and put on a rest-gown, and threw herself down on a white brocade couch and lay, vividly decorative, being fussed over and waited on. William, shaving and dressing, drifted in and out in a striped bathrobe.

Leith poured drinks for everyone, and the talk pretended to be normal, but it was empty because they couldn't keep their thoughts away from the one subject, and presently Essie spoke the thought aloud.

"Leith, darling, give me another drink and fill Nora's glass, and let's solve this murder right here and now. There won't be a moment of peace for anyone till it's cleared up."

"I've said all along—" Nora began.

"We know, pet." Leith tipped ice into her glass. "You've said all along it was an outside job."

"Pity the cops don't think so," Bob said, dryly.

"How do you know they don't?"

"Personally, I think Grogan's got his eye on Nora."

"Yes, but not for murder!"

"What's wrong with Miss Krausz?"

"A number of things—including the hair-net."

"No, but I mean for a suspect. Between her and Miss Breen now—there was the clash of ideologies! Roast beef or werner schmitzel, cabbage cooked in cream, or the grand old school of English water cookery. Miss Krausz despised her."

"Miss Krausz despises us all," Nora put in.

"Let's review Owen," Leith suggested.

"Owen! But the motive, the motive?"

"More likely it was Marjorie."

Essie said maliciously.

"What for?"

"Jealousy. For fear Miss Breen would signal to Owen. That he might come up alone in the lift with her one day or something."

"Aren't you a cat, honey? Pike's a good pick, don't you think? He probably thought Miss Breen was lowering the tone of the place by drying her stockings on the roof."

"I think you've got something there."

"Listen, boys," William stood in the doorway lathering his chin.

"Why look any further?"

"Further than what?"

"Me! I left the express at Albury

last night, chartered a plane, flew here, and did the job, and flew back and picked up the train again at Moss Vale in time for breakfast."

Pike knocked at the door just then, bringing up some laundry parcels that had been left in the office.

"Those cops are still here," he said disgustedly. "With that great black car of theirs stuck outside the door all day! It looks very bad, it does. I'll put the laundry in the bathroom, Mrs. Scott."

Pike's reminder changed the atmosphere. Murder detection wasn't any longer a parlor game. Someone was guilty, and those quiet, smooth-tongued detectives were going to find out who it was.

Pike hadn't been gone five minutes before Grogan and Manning appeared, and the sinister, familiar tension took hold of each one of them again. Manning stood dark and solid above their reclining figures. "Don't want to interrupt a nice little cocktail hour," he went on, "so I'll make it brief. Just what do you know about Pike, Miss Ashworth?"

"What do I know about him?"

"Yes. You've lived here for six months, haven't you?"

Essie stared up at Grogan with hostility in her eyes.

"I don't know anything about him. He's the caretaker, that's all I know."

"No, I suppose you wouldn't learn much about him, just from seeing him casually down there."

While he was talking he put his hand in his pocket, took out a small box, and flipped it open. It was half full of lozenges. He seemed about to take one and then, as though good manners pulled him up, held the box out to Essie.

"Have a lozenge?"

She started. "No, thank you," she said coldly.

He held them a little closer. "Why, I thought you actresses had to take a lot of care of your throats. Don't you ever suck a voice juke?"

Essie looked at Grogan's outstretched hand. She looked at the box, ebony, with silver hinges. She looked at the lozenges, ordinary-looking lozenges—flat, pale yellow, and transparent.

"No, thank you," she said again.

Grogan's hand was still held out, offering them to Bob, offering them to Leith, to Nora.

Bob said, "Not for me, either, thanks. I don't get colds."

Leith said, "No, nor do I."

Nora shook her head. She couldn't speak. She suddenly felt frightened.

What was behind all this? He hadn't come in here to talk about Pike. Those lozenges—what were they? Something she had read flashed into her mind . . . a strange drug that made people confess . . .

But no one had taken one of these things that Grogan was holding out. The police couldn't force that sort of thing on people here.

He snapped the box shut and put it back in his pocket. "So you don't know anything about Pike? Never taken much notice of him? O.K. I expect I'll find out what I want to know."

Outside on the landing Manning looked at him sourly.

"Since when did you start to have trouble with your throat?"

"For heaven's sake, Les, can't I be human, too?" the Inspector said in an injured tone. But he looked extraordinarily pleased with himself.

To be concluded



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